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THE ALDINE POETS.—*Henry Kirke White*.  
London 1830. Pickering.

FROM Robert Burns, James Thomson and William Collins, to Henry Kirke White, there is a pretty perceptible descent: we leave the table-land of poetry and step down into the vale. Not but that we hold the poet of Nottingham to be a very pretty poet—to be sweet, flowing, and tender—to be full of gentle feeling and elegant sensibilities, with many of those lesser charms which are captivating to a large class of readers. To us he appears to be deficient in nerve and manliness, and to want those grander poetic energies of intellect which distinguished the three poets we have named—and named only because they are coupled with him in the present publication. He is ever smooth and ever sweet—has a tear to shed over every flower of the field, and a verse for every casualty;—he sings continually of his woes in verse, nor is he forgetful of himself in prose; and looks as if the first sharp criticism which he met had skinned him, and rendered him fearful of the gentlest touch of this rude, rough world. A man formed with all these lady-like sensibilities about him, was not well fitted for the commerce of this earth—for that give-and-take system which prevails in a land where literature keeps an open 'Change, and criticism a sort of Custom-house, in which fine commodities are sometimes torn and stained by vulgar and unhalloved hands. A soul of the true temper and energy would not have been doubled up as Kirke White was by the weak contemptible assault of the Monthly Review—he would, like Byron, have stricken the whale that spouted upon him, with a harpoon which no alacrity in sinking could extricate—

Leviathan is not so tamed.

But the bard of Nottingham was made of feeble stuff, and shrunk before the chilling wind which touched the first flowers of his muse.

He was lucky in two things—in dying early, and in finding a biographer in one of the noblest beings of the age. By dying in his youth he not only avoided those rude shocks which awaited him, as they do all the sons of genius, and which he was quite unfit to meet, but he bribed our sympathies largely; for we are not faced, as Agamemnon was, with flint, but rather look back like the poetic ploughman when he crushed the flower beneath the furrow's weight, and let our sorrows have free way. To see one so young, so enthusiastic, so amiable, and so poetic, perishing in the dawn of his manhood, goes to the heart almost of a critic, and brings moisture to all other eyes. He was indeed fortunate in having Southey for a biographer: to have such a man to write our life would nearly tempt us to die to-morrow; were such an offer made, we would think it worth consideration—the

magical influence of his style, and the happy, simple way in which he draws men's hearts to the object about which he writes, would ensure us life hereafter. But then that would exactly do for us, what we almost accuse him of having done for Kirke White. We think the bard of Nottingham owes nearly one half of his reputation to the circumstances named. He wrote verses of great beauty—was neglected by a lady as lovely as his verses, to whom they were dedicated—was assailed by a rude and soulless critic, utterly devoid of all fine feeling, and all power of discrimination—grew melancholy, and went to college—read unbelieving authors till, in the vanity of his nature, he thought himself an unbeliever, and was cured by a course of wholesome Christianity, which brought his vanity round to the other tack. All this was too much for him, and he died; and Robert Southey, in the overflowing fullness of his heart, pronounced a funeral oration over him, fit to

Draw iron tears down Pluto's cheek;

and which made hearts feel that never felt before.

There is another cause, too, of Kirke White's popularity, with which his poetry has nothing to do. In this land there is a large class of most worthy persons who are always exceedingly edified in beholding the goody spectacle of a stray lamb brought back to the fold; they subscribe extensively to the encouragement of Christianity abroad and morality at home—they read pious tracts exclusively, and every poem in which religion is introduced, with reverence—(God forgive them who do otherwise!)—they buy and clasp it to their bosom. They reckon all other books as vanities, or worse; and, without perceiving that almost all poetry that shows largeness of soul is of an elevating and purifying, and therefore of a religious nature, they exclude it from their closets, and read only those works which the wicked prepare for the purchase of the pious; or which the devout write for themselves, where nature is rebuked and boarding-school'd down as an unseemly thing. To spirits such as these the Life of Henry Kirke White came with consolation on its wings. They read of the profane reveries of the misled youth with sympathy—with such interest as we feel when the heroine of a romance breakfasts, dines, sups, and sleeps on sorrows and woes, which we know will be dissipated like clouds before the morning sun; and when they came to the passages which relate his conversion, they marvelled much and rejoiced; and the circumstances of his change, his shortest poems, and his latest words, became popular in ten thousand coteries. All these things have raised his name a little higher in fame than his genius entitles him to—it is destined at no distant date to descend a few degrees.

From these remarks of ours, we are afraid the ingenious Mr. Pickering may conceive that we have no good-will to his book—quite the reverse; we like the volume much; it is not deficient in those external recommendations which we would advise no reader to overlook—in truth, it is very handsome; nor has a hasty or a slovenly hand passed over the memoir of the poet. We like the Life so much, that we should like to know the author;—we think, with all his quiet and affectionate way of speaking of the talents of the poet, that he ranks him much as we do ourselves, but has more prudence of tongue than to speak out as we have done. He wishes—and wisely, we think—to let his bookseller earn an honest penny out of the pouches of the pious. There is one thing, however, which merits a word or so of rebuke—we can read the poetry of Kirke White; but who can read that long-appended string of verses, in which a dozen or more of muses, (Lord Byron's excepted,) with wings, like those of the ostrich, which will never lift their bodies from the ground, have poured out endless notes of sympathy and dolor? To have a dozen asses braying after the hearse of a man of talent, is a serious thing; and no doubt, if Henry Kirke White could have foreseen such a consummation, it would have imbibed his dying moments. Burns, on the last moments of expiring existence, turned to a brother volunteer, and said, "John Gibson, don't let the awkward squad fire over me!" Give us a bard of higher degree next time, Mr. Pickering, and we will write you such an article!

*Basil Barrington and his Friends*. In 3 vols.  
London, 1830. Colburn & Bentley.

BEFORE we enter into the merits of this novel, we cannot help indulging in a few general observations on the present state of this species of literature. In doing this, we hope the reader will excuse us, if we tell him gravely that snow is white, and grass green,—that asses snuff up the east wind in harvest, and bray before the showers in April. These deep and recondite truths he may know already—but he may not:—and why should we take the proposition for granted that any body *thinks* or has ever thought, when proof of the contrary is furnished us by so many daily circumstances, and particularly by writers and publishers?

The time was, and that not many years ago, when a new novel was somewhat of a treat. But since "the literary slop-sellers" took up the trade of manufacturing them, and bought up the literary journals, the state of things has greatly changed; every lady or gentleman, no matter how incapable, who was known, or was supposed to be known, in the fashionable world, and whose name or connexion served to awaken attention and grace a paragraph, was encouraged to write. It was no longer the book, but the author that was considered—not the judgment that would follow the publication, but the paragraphs that

might precede it—it was not “can I write equal to,” but “you cannot write worse than” such a one—not “what do I know of human nature,” but “what do you know of this or that coterie”—not “how am I, or have I been connected with literature,” but “how with circumstances or people,” about which or whom the publishers were of opinion that the empty triflers desire to be informed. We have proof of these facts in the very names of the novels; in the frauds upon the title-pages as we have shown heretofore—and the result has been, that nine-tenths of what are called fashionable novels are written by demireps and black-legs, broken-down gamblers, rouses, and half-pay dragoon officers, with a sprinkling of imbecile honourables and romantic spinsters: fools have rushed in where angels feared to tread; and authors have become as cheap as Irish labourers, and works of fiction as worthless and contemptible as the criticism in the Bookseller's Gazette. These are the recondite truths that we must presume known to the public: yet novels are written, interesting paragraphs precede them, silly people still trust, and hope; and the keepers of circulating libraries are forced to buy—but do not to the extent they did; there are other works as well as Lady Morgan's, lumbering the warehouses; we have heard of one bidding for the stock of novels on hand of one house, that at eightpence the volume, exceeded eight thousand pounds!!

The only unistelligible thing in this is, that a man of sense yet ventures occasionally to write a novel,—and such we presume to be the author of Basil Barrington. It does not, however, follow, that every shrewd clever man is qualified to write a good one. The author of Basil Barrington, for instance, has drawn a forcible, and in many respects true picture of the world; yet, as a novel, the work is but indifferent; it certainly will not be liked. Still, as with all its faults, it is much above the mere fashionable novel, we shall trouble our readers with an explanation of what we mean in this judgment.

The story is that of a generous, extravagant spendthrift; a theorist, a speculator, an imprudent fool; with whose fortunes the reader can have no great sympathy; for his waste and folly in his days of prosperity, are nearly as painful to contemplate as his senseless pride, and raving against the world, in adversity. In the latter part of his career we have the full measure of the old story of unrelenting creditors, everlastingly duns, starving wife and children, proud suffering, receding friends, writs, bailiffs and the King's Bench. These sort of every day calamities, with all their train of gloomy reflections, form in part the staple of the work, for, not content with dwelling upon pecuniary distresses and wayward pride, in the person of the hero himself, the author has had the bad taste to dilate upon the subject farther, and spin it out to an extent that becomes painful, in the person of one of Basil Barrington's “friends,” who, afflicted with the same improvident disposition as himself, is driven about for several years in wretchedness and ruin, the victim of lawyers and creditors. The story, we are told by the author, is perfectly true; and as a didactic picture of the effects of extravagance and imprudence in the affairs of common life, it is calculated to convey a valuable moral lesson, to those whose minds are in a fit state to profit by it, however deficient it may be in the requisite attributes of a good novel. Notwithstanding the repulsive nature of the subject, and the wearisome changes which the author has rung upon the heartlessness of common friends when calamity overtakes a man, and the unpardonable nature of the sin of poverty, it contains some vigorous sketches.

But, (and we regret it,) in the present state of the literary world, this novel will not have even the reasonable success it merits. The world is more

inclined to be entertained than instructed, and the writer more able to instruct than entertain them. As a dramatic picture of life, it is a failure. We believe it is written by Mr. Gillies, the author of “Horse Germanica” in Blackwood's Magazine.

*Some Account of the Worshipful Company of Grocers of the City of London.* By J. B. Heath, Esq. London, 1830.

(UNPUBLISHED.)

VERY interesting and amusing are the wonder-teeming notices and quaint descriptions of distant lands and strange and far-off things, which meet us in the pages of our early chronicles; and pleasant is it to observe the feeling of pride and exultation with which they note the progressive extension of our early commerce, and point to the most-crowded quays of “Bristowe,” or celebrate the adventurous doings of the lordly merchants of old Troynouvant. Their slight passing notices make us long for a minute and characteristic history of our early trade—a vivid picture of those times, when, the mass having been duly sung and the patron saint duly invoked, relations, friends and neighbours crowded with anxious farewells around the adventurous merchant, who, with the pole-star alone for his guide, and the oral instructions of some “aunciente marinere,” in the stead of chart or ephemeris, set forth to collect a precious store of furs, oil, and amber; or to exchange the fine woods of his native land for the gold, and gems, and silks, and spiceries, of the “fayre loades of y<sup>e</sup> East.” And when, after many long months, perhaps even years, the “talle shippe,” through the grace of our lady, who duly each evening hung her lamp in the sky, and through the favour of St. Nicholas, whose aid the pious mariner never invoked in vain, slowly, with her rich freight, returned up the river, reverently lowering the topsail as the humble towers of St. Katherine arose to view—what delighted recollections of the wonders he had seen—what allowable pride of successful daring—what glad anticipations of “alle honor, and laude, and prayringes,” glowed in the breast of the returning voyager! But, had his adventurous sail visited the shores of that wondrous and beautiful, yet dreaded, land of the East—that land of all marvels, where jewels blazed, and spices grew, and griffins roamed, and dragons breathing fire had their habitation—where saints and martyrs had dwelt, yet where paynim and demons held holiday—where the true light had arisen, but where Mahound's pale crescent now shed “dire eclipse”—Oh! with what intense eagerness would friend and neighbour press around him to hear those “ryghte mervellous thynges” which he, all unquestioned, might tell.

And most vividly does the image of the early voyager to that land of gold and spiceries, around which the excited imagination of a romantic age showered all the wonders of romance, arise to our view, when, opening the volume before us, we cast our eyes on the richly-blazoned arms, with the cloves, and the griffins, and the surmounting camel bending beneath its spiky load; or behold the “trew effigy” of St. Anthony, with misal and sacring bell, and favoured swine close beside him—those arms so proudly borne, and that saint so trustingly invoked by the merchant of spiceries, the brother of the “wor-

shipful fraternity of Pepperers,” when he spread his sail to bring from far eastern regions “pepper, ginger, cloves, mace, cinnamon, rhubarb, spikenard, scammony, dates, currants, and almonds.” Truly, a most ancient and “ryghte honorabil” brotherhood are the “Worshipful Company of Grocers,” (so named in later days, as Mr. Heath informs us, from their selling in great quantities, in the gross); for, long before the present Company received its charter of incorporation, the earlier fraternity rejoiced in the protecting superintendence of sheriffs and lord mayors—men who were powerful enough to set at defiance the arbitrary commands of weak or wicked princes, and, in scorn of all the terrors of excommunication, to seize, imprison, and, with a vigour certainly beyond the law, to execute an obnoxious bishop. The well-known names, too, of Bokereel, and De Gysours, and Aubery, and Alan de la Zouche, and Hamond Chychwell—names celebrated in the early annals of our city—all take their places in the list of brethren of this ancient guild.

The very interesting volume before us owes its appearance to the laudable curiosity of a gentleman belonging to the Grocers' Company, who, during the year in which he held the office of master, discovered so many important and interesting facts in the journals of the fraternity, that he “formed a plan for devoting his leisure hours to the arrangement of its history.” The work is divided into four parts;—the first, devoted to an account of the hall; the second, to an extended view of the Company; the third, to short biographical sketches of the many celebrated merchants and noblemen who have belonged to it; and the fourth consists of a very amusing appendix of original documents. We shall endeavour to incorporate those different parts into a short sketch of the rise and progress of the Company, and gratify our readers with some of the curious and amusing information contained in a work, which, although printed for private circulation, the liberality of the author, we are sure, would willingly allow us to transcribe in the pages of the Athenæum.

The first charter of incorporation of the Grocers' Company, dates in 1343, the 20th year of Edward the Third, when twenty-two persons, carrying on the trade of Pepperers, in Sopars Lane, Cheapside, met, and having elected Roger Osekyn and Laurence de Halliwell for their wardens, and a priest to sing mass, they agreed to a series of rules or “Poyntze,” which are yet remaining, and are in the Norman French. Mr. Heath has given us copious extracts from these Poyntze, which are very curious, and throw much light on the peculiar character of these associations for the protection and encouragement of our early commerce. It appears from them, that none were eligible to become members except Pepperers of Sopars Lane and Spicerers of the ward of Cheap—(at this period each trade had its appropriated part of the town; such as the fishmongers in Fish-street Hill and Thames Street, the drapers in Cannon Street, the mercers in Cheap and Ludgate, the goldsmiths in Lombard Street);—“that they were to pay a mark on admission, and in good love and with a loyal heart shall submit to all those that shall be of the fraternity, and be bound to keep the ‘Poyntze,’ on

of certain fine." St. Anthony was then chosen tutelary saint of the Company; and every year each member on his day, or the octave thereof, was to attend high mass at his church in Threadneedle Street, and afterwards dine together. All differences among the brethren were to be settled among themselves; in cases of difficulty, the wardens pronouncing judgment.

The following "Poynte" is very important, for it shows how strong the bond of brotherhood was considered to be: "If any brother be injured in his right against another, *be he whom he may, every one of the fraternity shall go with him to have the matter redressed; if any have a dispute wrongfully, in the same manner they are to go with him, that all may be settled to the best advantage, and save his honour.*" Those who refused their aid were to pay 12*d.* to the commonbox. If any member died in London, all the fraternity were to attend his funeral—(from an after-notice, it appears that the body was carried to the Hall, from whence the procession, with incense, chant, and holy taper, set forth)—and 12*d.* was the fine of wilful absence. If any died so poor that he left not sufficient to bury him "according to his station," he was buried at the Company's charge, each member being required to attend, under penalty of the same fine. Any brother becoming poor by "adventures on the sea," or other causes, was to be assisted from the common stock; and from an entry in their accounts, it would appear that widows and orphans were considered under the Company's especial guardianship. An apprentice had his option, at the close of his servitude, to enter the Company, on paying 2*l.* (equal to 50*l.* in the present day), and on finding security for his good conduct. Such is the brief abstract of the "Poyntze" for the regulation of the fraternity of the Pepperers: and even those most accustomed to treat everything bearing the stamp of antiquity with scorn, must acknowledge them to have been admirably adapted to the purpose.

But we have shown that the Grocers were a rich and a powerful brotherhood, we are therefore not surprised to find repeated entries of gifts of plate and vestments for the use of their church; among which we may note a missal which cost 3*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.*!—what a splendid gem it must have been! Nor at their noble feasts, to which each of the brethren were to come, each, too, bringing his wife or "ung demoiselle,"—(truly the ancient Grocers were a very chivalrous fraternity; and the use of the term "demoiselle" alone proves the high station these early merchants occupied, since the name is never used save to distinguish maidens of gentle birth,)—paying the sum of 20*l.* for himself, 20*l.* for the lady, and 20*l.* for the priest. Widows, also, were to attend the dinner, each paying 40*d.* "if she were able." At this period the meetings of the Company were held at a place called Ryngedhalle, in St. Thomas Apostle. Some years after they were held in Bucklersbury; but at the beginning of the next century, the old house and lands which formerly belonged to the family of the Fitz Walters, were purchased for 320 marks, and they commenced building their hall. Some very curious "bylles of costages" are given, from which it appears, that the worthy Grocers had a fine rural taste, and discovered

a laudable ambition to render their garden the admiration of their fellow citizens. The following extracts are curious:—

For expence and costage in our garden £1 0 0  
Payde for the newe vyne that is sette  
before the parlore wyndow . . . . 0 13 4  
For costages of the garden, for  
makyng the erber, and carryng  
a newe raylinge off all the vynes  
and garden . . . . . 8 8 7

This garden was large, and contained alleys, hedge-rows, and a bowling-green, and thither were the citizens accustomed in the summer time to resort. The hall, which seems to have been large and handsome, the Company used to lend for public, and, in some instances, even for private dinners, until its destruction in the great fire of London. Prosperous were the concerns of this ancient Company during the whole of the 15th century. From a warden's yearly account at the commencement, we find that they spared no cost on occasions of public exhibitions, and that they were most royally open-handed to "mynstralles." "Paid for the riding of John Walcot, mayor," (is one entry) for six minstrels, forty shillings; for the riding ("chevaucher" is the word) of Viscount Sir Robert Chicheley (brother of the Archbishop), "for seven minstrells, 46 shillings and 8*d.*;" and on the occasion of Queen Jane of Brittany passing through the city to Westminster on the day of her coronation, the sum of 3*l.* is paid to Panel, a minstrel, and his five companions, beside a goodly sum for their wine. In 1447, King Henry granted the Grocers the privilege of garbelling all manner of drugs and spices; a power which they certainly exerted for the benefit of their fellow-citizens, since we soon after find several entries of fines paid by those who had been detected in selling "naunt pepper," and such like enormities. And truly, those cunning spicerers understood cheating probably as well as their descendants: "Johan Ashfelde" was brought to book "for makyng untrew powder of gynger, cynamone, and saunders;" soon after, "certeyne bagges of cvyll and naunte pepper were discovered," which, being unfit for use, were "sente beyond seas to be solde." This, our author humorously observes, "shows that, although the court had a 'reverent care' for the health of their fellow-citizens, they did not scruple, on occasion, to poison their continental neighbours." During this century many were the illustrious names that adorned the annals of the Company: Sir Thomas Knollys, Sir Robert Chicheley, Sir William Sevenoake, Sir Thomas Canynge (brother of that princely merchant of Bristol, whose ships visited both the Mediterranean and the North Seas), and Sir John Crosby, the richest and most liberal of the London merchants, whose "fayre marble tomb," graced with the effigies of himself and dame Anne, his first wife, yet stands before the altar in St. Helena.

And, through the succeeding century, still did the Company maintain their high station; for Sir Wm. Butler and Sir John Reste sent out "divers tall shippes, the Cristofer, the Marie Grace, the three Halfe-Moones, and the Lyon of Londone," as old Hakluyt informs us, "with licence to trade to Candia and Chios," and they returned with such abundance of precious stores, among which we note, for the first time, "coton woole, camlet, and Turkeye carpets,"

that the good people of London thought the whole riches of the East had been accumulated by those spirited grocers. Towards the close of this century we find them entering into a "declaration of loyaltye" to their "gracious ladye and soverayne;" and, what was far more delightful to her, raising the sum of 622*l.*, and subsequently 526*l.* for the exigencies of the state. On the accession of the sapient James, the Company obtained a new charter, which delighted them so greatly, that they voted gratuities to all who had any hand in it, and gave the "paynter stayner, for lymning, guylidinge, and flourishynge" the Company's charter, no less than 8*l.* 8*s.* In 1606 they were called upon to pay 87*l.* 8*s.*, as their portion of the expense of the pageant that welcomed the drunken blockhead of Denmark, when he visited his royal brother, the pedantic blockhead of England. On this occasion Grocers' Hall was "made withe grene boughs like an arbor, which was garnished withe all sortes of delightful fruites." The sums which these pageants cost are almost incredible to the modern reader. Mr. Heath has given us a very full account of the expenses of a most splendid one, which graced the inauguration-feast of George Bolles, Alderman, "a most worthy member of this Company," in 1617. We cannot resist a few extracts, especially as old Myddelton—he who, in his "Witches," trod so closely in the footsteps of Shakspeare himself—was the projector:

"Payde to Thos. Myddelton, gent, for the ordering, overseeing, and writtinge the whole device for the pageant of nations, the Islande, the Indian Chariot, the Castle of Fame, the Shippe, and divers beastes whiche drew them, for all the worke, withe all other thynges, and portage by lande and by water, alsoe in fulle for the green men, dyvelles, and fyer-workes, wythe all thynges thereunto belonging, according to his agreement, £282."

The following entry shows that there was something to be eaten as well as to be seen:

"Payde for 50 sugar-loaves, 36*lb.* of nutmegs, 24*lb.* of dates, and 14*lb.* of ginger, which were throwen about the streets by those which sat on the griffins and camels, £5. 7*s.* 8*d.*"

The bill for mercy amounts to 67*l.* 15*s.* 10*d.*; the charges for "dyvers diners and potations," on account of this goodly pageant, to 65*l.* 5*s.* 3*d.*; and the whole cost and charge was no less than 882*l.* 18*s.* 11*d.*!

We now approach comparatively modern times: pageants began to fall into disuse; the solemn feasts were attended more from old-established custom than from "an hearty love to the brotherhood;" the assistance which was afforded in earlier times to members who had suffered loss by shipwreck, from the spontaneous charity of their brethren, was now obtained from underwriters; and the old hearty feeling which rendered each member of the fraternity a very brother, lost its hold on the mind. Subjects of all-absorbing interest commandingly demanded the attention; and, amid the conflict of opinions and the strife of arms, when the "good cause" advanced her claims, little leisure or inclination had the high-spirited parliamentarian for the duties of warden of his fraternity, or even of master. We may in conclusion just remark, that the splendid dinner of the corporation to Cromwell and Fairfax was given at Grocers' Hall; that in the devastating fire of London this structure shared



the fate of all the surrounding buildings; and that, such was the extent of property (chiefly plate) there destroyed, that 200lb. of silver was dug from the ruins.

We must again tender our thanks to Mr. Heath for the amusing information he has collected, and also for having directed his attention to so important, though so neglected, a branch of civic history. Many are the curious and interesting documents now mouldering in undisturbed obscurity in the archives of the city companies, which would throw great and important light on the earlier history of the trade and commerce (extensive even in the 12th century) of our modern Tyre—information, too, which we could scarcely hope to derive from any other source. What traits of ancient character—what elucidations of obscure or contradictory facts of our early civic history, might not the half-obliterated copy of "Poyntze," or "Rewles," or "bylles of costages," afford us! What interesting details might not extended notices of each and all the twelve Companies present! Let us marshal them in goodly pageant, and see the Mercers, also far voyagers to the East, who priced Cyprus lawn and Samyte in the bazars of Damascus, or the streets of "Alysaundre;" the surpassing beauty too of whose "golde baudekyn" exacted the delighted admiration of Innocent the Fourth;—the Drapers, (of whose fraternity was the first Lord Mayor,) who, under the favouring smile of their "blessed ladye Marie," filled all Europe with the fame of their unrivalled broadcloths, and caused the burghers of Ghent and Bruges to utter unavailing maledictions. And then, the Fishmongers, those adventurous mariners, who penetrated almost to the Frozen Ocean, and occasionally brought home a walrus to delight the good people of London, and who once actually hooked up a poor Laplander, boat and all; and, had not his death prevented, would have brought him home for a "mervellously strange fyshe." And then, blazing with "barbaric gold and pearl," we should watch the long procession of the worthies of the Goldsmiths, from that early day when Gilbert Becket, like Sir Huon, set out to fight the Paynim, and to steal the heart of the Saracen Princess, to the time when their no less illustrious brother, Sir Hugh Myddelton, led the little but precious stream from Amwell to London, and conferred a more royal gift upon old Troynouvant than if he had paved her streets with red gold. And then the Skinners—travellers to "Muscovie and suche farre regions," whose budge lined the hood of the citizen, whose vair and minever edged the gold-broidered robe of the high-born damsel, while his royal ermine none but Plantagenet himself might wear. And then the Merchant Taylors, prosperous rivals of the Drapers, whose masters were accustomed, as "pylgrims of y<sup>e</sup> Compagnye," to visit in early times every part of Christian Europe. (O that a "personal narrative" of one were yet extant!) And then the Haberdashers, whose trade would never be guessed from the modern use of their name, with their Sheffield whittles, and Milan head-pieces, and cross-bow stocks, and horologies, and broidered girdles, and silk purses, and thousand and one other articles of commerce; who held themselves so proudly during the 15th century, for all

the flourishing republics of Italy knew the fame of the "Guild of St. Catherine of the Haberdashers." And the Salters, and the Ironmongers, and the Clothworkers, and though almost last in order, yet noble as any, the princely "Merchant Wine-tunners of Gascoigne," who built the tall stone houses in the Vintry, and lived like nobles, and feasted like princes, and, seated beside monarchs, pledged them from gold-embossed goblets in sweet Vernage or potent Malvoisie; but whose most gorgeous banquetings were cast into shade by their gallant brother, Sir Henry Picard, when he welcomed within his hall three royal guests, and, with a splendid generosity which reminds us of Oriental romance, cast into the cinnamon-fire King Edward's 5000 marks bond. And many a long-forgotten founder of our city's ancient power and opulence would rise before us in robed and hooded majesty, venerable and commanding as when he took his way through the tapestry-lined streets, with "three pageants, and the ship, and the unicorn," reverently borne before him. O! for a genuine City Remembrancer—one learned in "antique usages," and triumphs, and pageants! Shall each village have its historian—each half-forgotten family its leafless, flowerless, useless family tree? and shall the twelve ancient Companies of old Troynouvant remain unrecorded? We hail this book as a proof of what may be done—may we not also add, as a pledge of what shall be done? Very soon may we meet another celebrator of some other ancient company—one who will patiently search among the "dust and rubbish of antiquity," not for the sake of that dust and rubbish, but for the pure gold which will always reward the intelligent and diligent seeker.

*Principles of Geology, being an Attempt to explain the former Changes of the Earth's Surface, by reference to Causes now in Operation.* By Charles Lyell, Esq. F.R.S. 2 vols. 8vo. Vol. I. London, 1830. Murray.

[Second Notice.]

We are rather late in giving our promised extracts from this valuable work, and must now be brief. The following are examples of the operation of each of the two principal agents of inorganic change, water and fire.—On the progressive encroachments of the sea on the east coast of England:—

"According to Bergmann, a strip of land, with several villages, was carried away near the mouth of the Humber in 1475.

"The maritime district of Lincolnshire consists chiefly of lands which lie below the level of the sea, being protected by embankments. Great parts of this fenny tract were, at some unknown period, a woody country, but were afterwards inundated, and are now again recovered from the sea. Some of the fens were embanked and drained by the Romans; but after their departure the sea returned, and large tracts were covered with beds of silt containing marine shells, now again converted into productive lands. Many dreadful catastrophes are recorded by incursions of the sea, whereby several parishes have been at different times overwhelmed.

"We come next to the cliffs of Norfolk and Suffolk, where the decay is in general incessant and rapid. At Hunstanton, on the north, the undermining of the lower arenaceous beds at the foot of the cliff causes masses of red and white chalk to be precipitated from above. Between Hunstanton and Weybourne, low hills, or dunes, of blown sand, are formed along the shore, from

fifty to sixty feet high. They are composed of dry sand, bound in a compact mass by the long creeping roots of the plant called Marram (*Arundo arenaria*). Such is the present set of the tides, that the harbours of Clay, Wells, and other places, are securely defended by these barriers; affording a clear proof that it is not the strength of the material at particular points that determines whether the sea shall be progressive or stationary, but the general contour of the coast. The waves constantly undermine the low chalk cliffs, covered with sand and clay, between Weybourne and Sherringham, a certain portion of them being annually removed. At the latter town I ascertained, in 1829, some facts which throw light on the rate at which the sea gains upon the land. It was computed, when the present inn was built, in 1805, that it would require seventy years for the sea to reach the spot; the mean loss of land being calculated, from previous observations, to be somewhat less than one yard annually. The distance between the house and the sea was fifty yards; but no allowance was made for the slope of the ground being from the sea, in consequence of which, the waste was naturally accelerated every year, as the cliff grew lower, there being at each succeeding period less matter to remove when portions of equal area fell down. Between the years 1824 and 1829, no less than seventeen yards were swept away, and only a small garden was then left between the building and the sea. There is now a depth of twenty feet (sufficient to float a frigate) at one point in the harbour of that port, where, only forty-eight years ago, there stood a cliff fifty feet high, with houses upon it! If once in half a century an equal amount of change were produced at once by the momentary shock of an earthquake, history would be filled with records of such wonderful revolutions of the earth's surface, but, if the conversion of high land into deep sea be gradual, it excites only local attention. The flag-staff of the Preventive Service station, on the south side of this harbour, has, within the last fifteen years, been thrice removed inland, in consequence of the advance of the sea." i. 267-8.

The following remarks on some of the regions where earthquakes and volcanic eruptions are simultaneously at work, changing the surface and appearance of the earth, bear Mr. Lyell out in his proposition, that the causes now in operation are sufficient to explain the former changes:—

"Of these great regions, that of the Andes is one of the best defined. Respecting its southern extremity, we are still in need of more accurate information, some conceiving it to extend into Terra del Fuego and Patagonia. But if we begin with Chili, in the forty-sixth degree of south latitude, we find that, in proceeding from this point towards the north to the twenty-seventh degree, there is a line of volcanos so uninterrupted, that it is rare to find any intervening degree of latitude in which there is not an active vent. About twenty of these are now enumerated, but we may expect the number to augment greatly when the country has been more carefully examined, and throughout a longer period. How long an interval of rest entitles us to consider a volcano extinct, cannot yet be determined; but we know that, in Ischia, there intervened, between two consecutive eruptions, a pause of seventeen centuries; and a much longer period, perhaps, elapsed between the eruptions of Vesuvius before the earliest Greek colonies settled in Campania, and the renewal of its activity in the reign of Titus. It will be necessary, therefore, to wait for at least six times as many centuries as have elapsed since the discovery of America, before any one of the dormant craters of the Andes can be presumed to be entirely spent, unless there are some geological proofs of the last eruptions having belonged to a remote



era. The Chilian volcanos rise up through granitic mountains. Villarica, one of the principal, continues burning without intermission, and is so high that it may be distinguished at the distance of one hundred and fifty miles. A year never passes in this province without some slight shocks of earthquakes; and about once in a century, or oftener, tremendous convulsions occur, by which, as we shall afterwards see, the land has been shaken from one extremity to the other, and continuous tracts, together with the bed of the Pacific, have been raised permanently from one to twenty feet and upwards above their former level. Hot springs are numerous in this district, as well as springs of naphtha and petroleum, and mineral waters of various kinds. If we pursue our course northwards, we find in Peru only one active volcano as yet known; but the province is so subject to earthquakes, that scarcely a week happens without a shock, and many of these have been so considerable as to create great changes of the surface. Proceeding farther north, we find in the middle of Quito, where the Andes attain their highest elevation, from the second degree of south, to the third degree of north latitude, Tunguragua, Cotopaxi, Antisana, and Pichinca, the three former of which throw out flames not unfrequently. From fissures on the side of Tunguragua, a deluge of mud (moya) descended in 1797, and filled valleys a thousand feet wide to the depth of six hundred feet, forming barriers whereby rivers were dammed up, and lakes occasioned. Earthquakes have, in the same province, caused great revolutions in the physical features of the surface. Farther north, there are three volcanos in the province of Pasto, and three others in that of Popayn. In the provinces of Guatemala and Nicaragua, which lie between the Isthmus of Panama and Mexico, there are no less than twenty-one active volcanos, all of them contained between the tenth and fifteenth degrees of north latitude. The great volcanic chain, after having pursued its course for several thousand miles from south to north, turns off in a side direction in Mexico, and is prolonged in a great plateau, between the eighteenth and twenty-second degrees of north latitude. This high table-land owes its present form to the circumstance of an ancient system of valleys, in a chain of primary mountains, having been filled up, to the depth of many thousand feet, with various volcanic products. Five active volcanos traverse Mexico from west to east—Tuxtla, Orizaba, Popocatepetl, Jorullo, and Colima. Jorullo, which is in the centre of the great plateau, is no less than forty leagues from the nearest ocean—an important circumstance, as showing that the proximity of the sea is not a necessary condition, although certainly a very general characteristic, of the position of active volcanos. The extraordinary eruption of this mountain, in 1759, will be described in the sequel. If the same parallel line which connects these five vents be prolonged, in a westerly direction, it cuts the volcanic group of islands, called the Isles of Revillagigedo. To the north of Mexico there are three, or, according to some, five volcanos, in the peninsula of California; but of these we have at present no detailed account. We have before mentioned the violent earthquakes which, in 1812, convulsed the valley of the Mississippi at New Madrid, for the space of three hundred miles in length. As this happened exactly at the same time as the great earthquake of Caracas, it is probable that these two points are parts of one continuous volcanic region; for the whole circumference of the intervening Caribbean Sea must be considered as a theatre of earthquakes and volcanos. On the north lies the island of Jamaica, which, with a tract of the contiguous sea, has often experienced tremendous shocks; and these are frequent along a line extending from Jamaica to St. Domingo and

Porto Rico. On the south of the same basin the shores and mountains of Colombia are perpetually convulsed. On the west, is the volcanic chain of Guatemala and Mexico, before traced out; and on the east, the West Indian isles, where, in St. Vincent's and Guadaloupe, are active vents.

"Thus it will be seen that volcanos and earthquakes occur uninterruptedly, from Chili to the north of Mexico; and it seems probable that they will hereafter be found to extend from Cape Horn to California, or even perhaps to New Madrid, in the United States—a distance as great as from the pole to the equator." 314-7.

*A Narrative of the Captivity and Adventures of John Tanner, (U.S. Interpreter at the Sant de Ste. Marie,) during Thirty Years' Residence among the Indians in the Interior of North America. By Edwin James, M.D. 8vo. London, 1830. Baldwin & Cradock.*

HERE we are amidst boundless lakes, broad prairies, endless woods, and savage life—beyond even the far-reaching step of the backwoods-men of Kentucky. But if the ground be rough, it is untrodden; and we are so wearied with commonplace, that we are content even with the names of our associates, though they are fearful—"harder, Sir, than Gordon, Colkitto, or Macdonald, or Gelasp."

The hero of this volume—the son of American parents—was stolen at the age of eleven by a party of native Indians. The leader of the party, it afterwards appeared, had lost a child about the age of little Tanner; and as its mother never ceased to clamour for a captive to supply its place, her husband politely determined to gratify her longings, and the seizure of our hero was the consequence. His adopted father and brothers treated him, however, with great cruelty; and though his adopted mother invariably showed him kindness, her little attentions proved insufficient to render his new home comfortable. Luckily for him, when he had been about two years among the Indians, a woman of some consequence in a neighbouring tribe took a fancy to buy and adopt him; and, by dint of presents, succeeded in carrying her point. Here he was treated with great kindness—was trained with the other youth of the tribe to hunting—conformed gradually to their sentiments and habits, and soon lost all the marks of civilization. He distinguished himself at an early period by his courage and skill; and truly these attributes seem to have been necessary to ward off the ravages of hunger, which appear to be lying in wait at perpetually recurring intervals, for the most prosperous and powerful of the savage race. He gradually became commercial to a certain extent, and learned, like those around him, to derive a considerable portion of his yearly supplies from the English and American traders in fur. He was at length seized with a desire to revisit the scene of his childhood: he returned accordingly with some American merchants, and found, and was recognized by, his brothers and sisters. It then became his wish to settle among them; but, to complete his happiness, his wife and children were wanting; and the Indians refused to allow them to join him. He succeeded, however, by means of the friendly American traders, in getting his wife and two daughters delivered to him; but the lady, having no wish, we presume, to desert the home of her fathers, joins in a plot to murder our friend. He is accordingly shot by a young Indian, and left for dead; while his loving wife and daughters were hurried off to their own fastnesses. Our hero professes to care little about his wife; but he still hopes to recover his children. He was stolen from his parents in 1789, and returned to his native place in 1819. The materials of

the volume before us were supplied by him in the course of last year.

The book is naturally of a desultory character; and, as might be expected, monotonous enough: we shall, however, present a few of the extracts that are best fitted to illustrate the vicissitudes of the life of which John Tanner partook so long.

The Indians are superstitious; but all their prophets are not held in honour:—"The patience of old Net-no-kwa was at length exhausted, and she forbade us all to purchase anything more from them. During all the time we remained with these people, we were suffering almost the extremity of hunger. One morning Net-no-kwa rose very early, and tying on her blanket, took her hatchet and went out. She did not return that night; but the next day, towards evening, as we were all lying down inside the lodge, she came in, and shaking Wa-me-gon-a-biew by the shoulder, said to him, 'Get up, my son, you are a great runner, and now let us see with what speed you will go and bring the meat which the Great Spirit gave me last night. Nearly all night I prayed and sung, and when I fell asleep near morning, the Spirit came to me, and gave me a bear to feed my hungry children. You will find him in that little copse of bushes in the prairie. Go immediately, the bear will not run from you, even should he see you coming up.'

"No, my mother," said Wa-me-gon-a-biew, 'it is now near evening; the sun will soon set, and it will not be easy to find the track in the snow. In the morning, Shaw-shaw-wa-na-be-se shall take a blanket, and a small kettle, and in the course of the day I may overtake the bear and kill him, and my little brother will come up with my blanket, and we can spend the night where I shall kill him.'

"The old woman did not yield to the opinion of the hunter. Altercation and loud words followed; for Wa-me-gon-a-biew had little reverence for his mother, and as scarce any other Indian would have done, he ridiculed her pretensions to an intercourse with the Great Spirit, and particularly for having said that the bear would not run if he saw hunters coming. The old woman was offended; and after reproaching her son, she went out of the lodge, and told the other Indians her dream, and directed them to the place where she said the bear would certainly be found. They agreed with Wa-me-gon-a-biew, that it was too late to go that night; but as they had confidence in the prayers of the old woman, they lost no time in following her directions at the earliest appearance of light in the morning. They found the bear at the place she had indicated, and killed it without difficulty. He was large and fat, but Wa-me-gon-a-biew, who accompanied them, received only a small piece for the portion of our family. The old woman was angry, and not without just cause; for although she pretended that the bear had been given her by the Great Spirit, and the place where he lay pointed out to her in a dream, the truth was, she had tracked him into the little thicket, and then circled it, to see that he had not gone out. Artifices of this kind, to make her people believe she had intercourse with the Great Spirit, were, I think, repeatedly assayed by her." p. 66-67.

Accidents will occur among savages as among other folks; and surgeons are not always at hand. They sometimes, however, contrive to operate on themselves:—"After remaining a few days at the trading house, we all went together to join the Indians. This party consisted of three lodges, the principal man being Wah-ge-kaut (crooked legs). Three of the best hunters were Ka-kaik (the small hawk), Meh-ke-nauk (the turtle), and Pa-ke-kun-ne-gah-bo (he that stands in the smoke). This last was, at the time I speak of, a very distinguished hunter. Some

time afterwards he was accidentally wounded, receiving a whole charge of shot in his elbow, by which the joint and the bones of his arm were much shattered. As the wound did not show any tendency to heal, but, on the contrary, became worse and worse, he applied to many Indians, and to all the white men he saw, to cut it off for him. As all refused to do so, or to assist him in amputating it himself, he chose a time when he happened to be left alone in his lodge, and taking two knives, the edge of one of which he had hacked into a sort of saw, he with his right hand and arm cut off his left, and threw it from him as far as he could. Soon after, as he related the story himself, he fell asleep, in which situation he was found by his friends, having lost a very great quantity of blood; but he soon afterwards recovered, and notwithstanding the loss of one arm, he became again a great hunter. After this accident, he was commonly called *Kosh-kin-ne-kait* (the cut off arm). With this band we lived some time, having always plenty to eat, though *Waw-be-be-nais-as* killed nothing." p. 77.

John Tanner's friends seem to have been as fond of gaming as savages generally are; and on one occasion, he appears to have narrowly escaped some severe privations in consequence:

"Late in the fall, we went to *Ke-nu-kau-ne-she-wan-ho-ant*, where game was then plenty, and where we determined to spend the winter. Here, for the first time, I joined deeply with *Wa-me-gon-a-biew* and other Indians, in gambling, a vice scarce less hurtful to them than drunkenness. One of the games we used was that of the *moccasins*, which is played by any number of persons, but usually in small parties. Four *moccasins* are used, and in one of them some small object, such as a little stick, or a small piece of cloth, is hid by one of the betting parties. The *moccasins* are laid down beside each other, and one of the adverse party is then to touch two of the *moccasins* with his finger, or a stick. If the one he first touches has the hidden thing in it, the player loses eight to the opposite party; if it is not in the second he touches, but in one of the two passed over, he loses two. If it is not in the one he touches first, and is in the last, he wins eight. The *Crees* play this game differently, putting the hand successively into all the *moccasins*, endeavouring to come last to that which contains the article; but if the hand is thrust first into the one containing it, he loses eight. They fix the value of articles staked by agreement: for instance, they sometimes call a beaver skin, or a blanket, ten; sometimes a horse is one hundred. With strangers, they are apt to play high; in such cases, a horse is sometimes valued at ten.

"But it is the game called *Bug-ga-sauk*, or *Beg-ga-sah*, that they play with the most intense interest, and the most hurtful consequences. The *beg-ga-sah-nuk* are small pieces of wood, bone, or sometimes brass, made by cutting up an old kettle. One side they stain or colour black, the other they aim to have bright. These may vary in number, but can never be fewer than nine; they are put together in a large wooden bowl, or tray, kept for the purpose. The two parties, sometimes twenty or thirty, sit down opposite each other, or in a circle. The play consists in striking the edge of the bowl in such a manner as to throw all the *beg-ga-sah-nuk* into the air, and on the manner in which they fall into the tray depends his gain or loss. If his stroke has been to a certain extent fortunate, the player strikes again, and again, as in the game of billiards, until he misses, when it passes to the next. The parties soon become much excited, and a frequent cause of quarrelling is, that one often snatches the tray from his neighbour, before the latter is satisfied that the throw has been against him.

"Old and sensible people among them are much opposed to this game, and it was never until this winter that *Net-no-kwa* suffered me to join in it. In the beginning, our party had some success, but we returned to it again and again, until we were stripped of everything. When we had nothing more to lose, the band which had played against us removed and camped at a distance, and, as is usual, boasted much of their success. When I heard of this, I called together the men of our party, and proposed to them, that by way of making an effort to regain our lost property, and put an end to their insolent boasting, we would go and shoot at a mark with them. We accordingly raised some property among our friends, and went, in a body, to visit them. Seeing that we had brought something, they consented to play with us. So we set down to *Beg-ga-sah*, and in the course of the evening re-took as much of our lost property as enabled us to offer, next morning, a very handsome bet, on the result of a trial of shooting the mark. We staked everything we could command; they were loath to engage us, but could not decently decline. We fixed a mark at the distance of one hundred yards, and I shot first, placing my ball nearly in the centre. Not one of either party came near me; of course I won, and we thus regained the greater part of what we had lost during the winter." p. 113-15.

Drunkenness appears to be the favourite relaxation of the Indians; and among them, as elsewhere, it has at times unpleasant results:—"The Indians were now about assembling at *Pembinah*, to dispose of their peltries, and have their usual drunken frolic. I had but just arrived at the encampment of our band, when they began to start; some going forward by land, and leaving the women to bring on their loads in the canoes. I tried to persuade *Wa-me-gon-a-biew* and others, which were particularly my friends, not to join in this foolish and destructive indulgence, but I could not prevail upon them; they all went on in advance of me. I moved slowly along, hunting and making dry meat, and did not reach *Pembinah*, until most of the men of the band had passed several days there in drinking. As soon as I arrived, some Indians came to tell me that *Wa-me-gon-a-biew* had lost his nose; another had a large piece bitten out of his cheek; one was injured in one way, another in another.

"I learned that my brother, as I always called *Wa-me-gon-a-biew*, had but just arrived, when he happened to go into a lodge where a young man, a son of *Ta-bush-shish*, was beating an old woman. *Wa-me-gon-a-biew* held his arms; but presently old *Ta-bush-shish* coming in, and in his drunkenness, probably misapprehended the nature of my brother's interference, seized him by the hair, and bit his nose off. At this stage of the affair, *Be-gwa-is*, an old chief who had always been very friendly to us, came in, and seeing that a scuffle was going on, thought it necessary to join in it. *Wa-me-gon-a-biew* perceiving the loss of his nose, suddenly raised his hands, though still stooping his head, and seizing by the hair the head that was nearest him, bit the nose off. It happened to be that of our friend *Be-gwa-is*. After his rage had a little abated, he recognized his friend, and exclaimed, 'Wah! my cousin!' *Be-gwa-is* was a kind and good man, and being perfectly aware of the erroneous impression under which *Wa-me-gon-a-biew* had acted, never for one moment betrayed anything like anger or resentment, towards the man who had thus been the unwilling cause of his mutilation. 'I am an old man,' said he, 'and it is but a short time that they will laugh at me for the loss of my nose.'

"For my own part, I felt much irritated against *Ta-bush-shish*, inasmuch as I doubted whether he had not taken the present opportunity to wreak an old grudge upon *Wa-me-gon-*

*a-biew*. I went into my brother's lodge, and sat by him; his face and all his clothes were covered with blood. For sometime he said nothing; and when he spoke, I found that he was perfectly sober. 'To-morrow,' said he, 'I will cry with my children, and the next day I will go and see *Ta-bush-shish*. We must die together, as I am not willing to live, when I must always expect to be ridiculed.' I told him I would join him in any attempt to kill *Ta-bush-shish*, and held myself in readiness accordingly. But a little sober reflection, and the day's time he had given himself to cry with his children, diverted *Wa-me-gon-a-biew* from his bloody intention, and like *Be-gwa-is*, he resolved to bear his loss as well as he could." p. 64-5.

The following description of a medicine hunt is curious:—

"Shortly after this, we were so reduced by hunger, that it was thought necessary to have recourse to a medicine hunt. *Nah-gitch-e-gum-me* sent to me and *O-ge-mah-we-ninne*, the two best hunters of the band, each a little leather sack of medicine, consisting of certain roots, pounded fine and mixed with red paint, to be applied to the little images or figures of the animals we wished to kill. Precisely the same method is practised in this kind of hunting, at least as far as the use of medicine is concerned, as in those instances where one Indian attempts to inflict disease or suffering on another. A drawing, or a little image, is made to represent the man, the woman, or the animal, on which the power of the medicine is to be tried; then the part representing the heart is punctured with a sharp instrument, if the design be to cause death, and a little of the medicine is applied. The drawing or image of an animal used in this case is called *muzzi-ne-neen*, *muzzi-ne-neen-ug*, and the same name is applicable to the little figures of a man or woman, and is sometimes rudely traced on birch bark, in other instances more carefully carved of wood. We started with much confidence of success, but *Wah-ka-zhe* followed, and overtaking us at some distance, cautioned us against using the medicine. *Nah-gitch-e-gum-me* had given us, as he said it would be the means of mischief and misery to us, not at present, but when we came to die. We therefore did not make use of it, but, nevertheless, happening to kill some game, *Nah-gitch-e-gum-me* thought himself, on account of the supposed efficacy of his medicine, entitled to a handsome share of it. Finding that hunger was like to press severely upon us, I separated from the band, and went to live by myself, feeling always confident that by so doing I could ensure a plentiful supply for the wants of my family. *Wah-ka-zhe* and *Black Bird* came to *Lake Winnipeg*, from whence they did not return, as I had expected they would.

"After I had finished my hunt, and at about the usual time for assembling in the spring, I began to descend the *Be-gwi-o-nush-ko* to go to the traders on *Red River*. Most of the Indians had left their camps, and gone on before me; as I was one morning passing one of our usual encamping places, I saw on shore a little stick standing in the bank, and attached to the top of it a piece of birch bark. On examination, I found the mark of a rattlesnake with a knife, the handle touching the snake, and the point sticking into a bear, the head of the latter being down. Near the rattlesnake was the mark of a beaver, one of its dugs, it being a female, touching the snake. This was left for my information, and I learned from it, that *Wa-me-gon-a-biew*, whose totem was *She-she-gwah*, the rattlesnake had killed a man whose totem was *Muk-kwah*, the bear. The murderer could be no other than *Wa-me-gon-a-biew*, as it was specified that he was the son of a woman whose totem was the beaver, and this I knew could be no other than *Net-no-kwa*. As there were but few of the



bear totem in our hand, I was confident the man killed was a young man called Ke-zha-zhoons; that he was dead, and not wounded merely, was indicated by the drooping down of the head of the bear. I was not deterred by this information from continuing my journey; on the contrary, I hastened on, and arrived in time to witness the interment of the young man my brother had killed. Wa-me-gon-a-biew went by himself, and dug a grave wide enough for two men; then the friends of Ke-zha-zhoons brought his body, and when it was let down into the grave, Wa-me-gon-a-biew took off all his clothes, except his breech cloth, and sitting down naked at the head of the grave, drew his knife, and offered the handle to the nearest male relative of the deceased. 'My friend,' said he, 'I have killed your brother. You see I have made a grave wide enough for both of us, and I am ready and willing to sleep with him.' The first and second, and eventually all the friends of the murdered young man, refused the knife which Wa-me-gon-a-biew offered them in succession. The relations of Wa-me-gon-a-biew were powerful, and it was fear of them which now saved his life. The offence of the young man whom he killed, had been the calling him 'cut nose.' Finding that none of the male relations of the deceased were willing to undertake publicly the punishment of his murderer, Wa-me-gon-a-biew said to them, 'trouble me no more, now or hereafter, about this business; I shall do again as I have now done, if any of you venture to give me similar provocation.' " p. 174-5.

Altogether, the volume is a curious one, and will reward the perusal of those who may have the slightest curiosity to trace the workings of our common nature, under circumstances so little suited to elevate or dignify it, as those in which the Indian tribes are placed.

*Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum; a poem, on the Preservation of Health, in Rhyming Latin Verse, addressed by the School of Salerno, to Robert of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror, with an Ancient Translation: and an Introduction and Notes.* By Sir Alexander Croke, D.C.L. and F.A.S. 12<sup>mo</sup>. Oxford, 1830. D. A. Talboys.

How popular this ancient poem must have been, we may infer from its having passed through 160 editions. It is republished now as a bibliographical curiosity; but, Sir Alexander Croke has, in the introduction and notes, gathered together so many interesting facts, relating to the original Latin poem, its early history, and its commentators, the various editions and translations, and still existing MSS., the ancient school of Salerno, Robert Duke of Normandy, and other persons and circumstances connected with it, that the volume will be welcomed for itself, as well as treasured as a curiosity.

Salerno is remarkable as the first place in Christian Europe, where the art and science of surgery and medicine were taught, and where we may believe the knowledge of the Arabians, Egyptians, and Greeks, was best understood; for with these, and other surrounding nations, they had constant commercial and scientific intercourse, and thither flocked the most able and intelligent men as to the centre of all learning. In its vicinity was the Monastery of Mount Cassino, the monks of which were men of the greatest acquirements, who had devoted themselves to literature and science from the first foundation of the Abbey by St. Benedict in 628, and many of the learned brotherhood had distinguished themselves in medicine. In an ancient chronicle of Salerno, the first founders of its medical school are said to have been, a Jew, a Latin, a Saracen, and a Greek, who taught in their respective languages—the time unknown, at least not mentioned. Whether they were

monks or not, it is certain that for many centuries the most able professors of medicine were the higher prelates and superior monks. At length, from a belief that their sacerdotal duties were thus in danger of neglect, they were debarred from teaching or practising medicine. In defiance of this mandate, some continued to do so. The curious fact is related that in the 11th, 12th, and 13th centuries, there were some able female writers, teachers, and practitioners of medicine. In some of the earlier works of that period, medical men are gravely and strongly advised to bleed the purses of the rich, that they may be enabled to assist the poor; and there are long disquisitions on the necessity of giving pills in an odd number, that they may have beneficial effects. The practice of gilding and silvering these, which has continued almost up to our time, was introduced at Salerno by the Arabians, to please the eyes, and not offend the palates of their patients.

When the "Regimen Scholæ Salerni" was written, which was about the end of the 11th century, the united body of professors formed only a medical seminary. By subsequent sovereigns, it was gradually constituted a regular university, consisting of ten doctors and a prior—examinations being held, and honours in medicine conferred. The title equivalent to our present graduate in medicine, was conferred upon candidates, (after they had passed the required examinations), by administering an oath, putting a ring upon their finger, a crown of laurel upon their heads, and a kiss each upon the cheek, given by the prior, who concluded the ceremony by pronouncing a general benediction. In the Edinburgh University, after the examination of the several candidates on the subjects of their theses, the principal now touches the head of each with the convex part of a small cap, a part of the ceremony truly ridiculous—and which on us and others so topped at the same time excited no small merriment—and concludes as the prior of old, with a Latin benediction, which by the present very reverend doctor is pronounced, "ore rotundissimo."

The "Regimen Sanitatis Salernitanum" is supposed to embody the chief parts of the knowledge and opinions of the Salernian school of medicine, in regard to the preservation of health and the removal of the more trifling ailments; and, though it is uncertain by whom it was written, whether by one or several conjoined, to have been presented to Robert Duke of Normandy, who, on his return from Palestine to Italy, being affected with general ill health, applied for relief to the physicians at Salerno, then the most famous in the world.

The general rules for the preservation and recovery of health are good enough, and the remedies recommended of the simplest kind,—chiefly from herbs indigenous to the country—partly because the object of the Salernian school was merely to inform the King how he might best preserve his health, and remove the more trifling complaints, for which in general the skill of medical men is not wanted, and partly because the articles of the materia medica at that time did not abound, as now, with so many chemical preparations. From circumstances, we believe the poem to have been the production of a physician who did not practise surgery, and was either unacquainted with, or thought it unnecessary to enter into its details.

Long before the foundation of the school of Salerno, the medical, surgical, and pharmaceutical professions were distinct. The candidate for the honour of the Doctorate had a very long course of study, prescribed—he who wished only to practise surgery a very short one. The physician was forbidden to keep an apothecary's shop, or to have any pecuniary connexion with one. The business of the apothecary then, was only to sell medicines, and to compound and

dispense them according to the prescriptions of the physician. But such a state of things, to its utmost extent, is incompatible with the nature of society. The physician may confine himself exclusively within his province,—he may have no direct or indirect pecuniary arrangements with the apothecary,—he may not condescend to the mean, low system of per centage,—he may move along in his superior sphere;—but as it is unlikely that he shall be able or willing to pay his patients such frequent visits as they may require or desire, some subordinate practitioner will always be in requisition: the apothecary will always, more or less, be called in to notice the effects of the medicines prescribed, and to report to the physician. The foundation, therefore, of such bodies as the Apothecaries' Hall of London, becomes matter of necessity. And on the same principle, from the intercourse of surgeons with those on whom they have operated, frequently calling upon them to prescribe for the effects of such operations on the general health, it was found necessary that their education should be more extended, and embrace the art of medicine as well as surgery. For the highest perfection of individual attainment, in either of the three departments, the more distinct they are kept, the better; but the present arrangements, which allow the apothecary and surgeon to encroach upon the province of each, and both upon that of the physician, is more for the general good; for, while the whole of the separate bodies are more extensively informed and useful, there will always be found in each men who from talents and opportunities of exercising them more exclusively in one department—that of medicine, or surgery, or pharmacy—have arrived at the greatest height of individual experience and utility.

But to return to the work. The general rules given for the preservation of health, such as early going to bed and rising, cleanliness, bathing, sufficient exercise, temperance in diet, drink, and every pleasure—the more spare diet of spring and summer, the fuller of autumn, and the fullest of winter—the avoiding acid fruits and drinks, and especially at particular seasons, as in autumn—the endeavouring to keep the mind free from disturbing passions,—these, and many other rules given, are such as are applicable to all persons, and in every country found universally useful. Many of the particular details and notions are fanciful and unsatisfactory, and the virtues ascribed to certain plants, &c. unconfirmed by modern and more extended experience; while other plants are perhaps unjustly set aside to give place for the operation of exotics and chemical remedies, of which in our day there is truly no lack. We say unjustly, because we believe that the soil and climate of every country produce not only food, but medicines, best adapted to the bodies and constitutions of its particular inhabitants. Our numerous exotic and chemical remedies have diverted our attention from the medicinal plants of our own island, a beneficial knowledge of which is to be looked for rather among the boors of the country, than among the most learned of its medical practitioners. Old women, in some parts, have their medicinal herbs and plants, fit to stand in competition with the whole catalogue of the Pharmacopœia.

Sir Alexander Croke, in his introduction and remarks, has thrown much light on the original poem, and the subsequent alterations of it by the insertion of new lines from the different manuscripts, and by the additions made to it by different commentators. The edition with which he has presented us is that given by Arnaldus de Villa Nova above two centuries after the writing of the original, and even this, in his opinion, contains considerably more lines than the poem did at first. Our English translation



seems to have been rendered from a still more extended edition than the Latin text here given. The etchings taken from wood-cuts in the German edition of Cario, printed in the 16th century, give some curious specimens of what we may suppose the German costume of that, or the Italian of a former period.

The language of the Latin poem, though not the most classical, and sometimes grammatically incorrect, is easily understood, and peculiar in the constant recurrence of its rhymes. Sometimes every word in a line having the same termination, as

"Ova recentia, vina rubentia, pinquiu jura,  
Cum similia parâ, naturæ sunt valitura."

and,

"Vina probantur odore, sapore, nitore, colore.  
Si bona vina cupis, hæc quinque probantur in illis:  
Fortia, formosa, fragrantia, frigida, frasca,  
Sunt nutritiva plus dulcia, candida vina." p. 104.

Sir Alexander justly terms the work "a venerable monument of antiquity," and we add with pleasure that he has made it an interesting one.

*The Ladies' Magazine.* Improved Series. London, 1830. Robinson.

WE know not what the original work might have been, but the improved series is a very creditable one:—good paper—good print—the embellishments good of their kind; the view of Richmond Castle in the present number is superior to many of the illustrations in works of much greater pretensions. It has, too, some respectable writing in it, and we have been gratified to find that the editor is a fellow labourer with us, and working zealously in the cause of truth, and sound wholesome literature. The service that such a man as the editor of a *Ladies' Magazine* can render, is much more important than at first appears. The preliminary puffing of the costly trashy novels, with the laudatory criticisms in the *Bookeller's Gazette*, has half-ruined the keepers of the little country circulating libraries—the ladies, and the ladies' maids, in country towns, have extraordinary appetites in the way of novel reading; the poor bookseller must have them all—but he is still bound to the miserable three halfpence which repaid him for the unpretending nonsense of the *Minerva Press*: but, within three months those works are forgotten, and not worth more than waste paper. A little truth in a *Ladies' Magazine* may therefore be of infinite service, and the present editor seems able and willing to administer it.

*Speculative Dictionary, Containing Moral Sentiments, Philosophical Reflections, or Texts and Skeletons for the Contemplation of Penetrating Intellectuals.* By J. B. Smith. London, 1830. Brooks.

MR. Smith's "progress in *anthroposophy*" has enabled him to tell us many curious things that had never been "dreamt of in our philosophy." Of Mr. Smith's book we shall not say a word, but leave the reader to judge for himself by a sample of its contents:—"The aggregate of known phenomena of the universe, proclaims the impossibility of the eternal duration of any organized existence or material identity, except the identical primary atoms of elements; if there be such *identic* elementary corpuscular existences."  
*Vive la métaphysique!!*

*Researches in Natural History.* By John Murray, F.S.A., &c. 2d Edition.

ANOTHER second edition of a pleasing treatise, and a fit companion to the work which we noticed last week. The tone of Mr. Murray's writings is calculated to prove attractive to readers of every kind. The man of science will find in this volume matter worthy of his notice; and the reader for amusement will find, after a perusal, that he is wiser than he was before.

#### SPAIN IN 1829 AND 1830.

BY AN IRISH GENTLEMAN, WHO HAS RESIDED FOR TWENTY-FOUR YEARS IN THAT COUNTRY.

[Third Notice.]

By the last news received from Spain, we find that the Carlists are again at the head of affairs. Ferdinand's pusillanimity, and the situation of the liberal party under the present government, are hurrying on that unfortunate country to a bloody revolution. The first consequence of the triumph of the Carlists has been the *arming* of the Royalist militia, a military body whose ranks are filled from the lowest dregs of the people, paid by the clergy, and in many instances officered by immoral and degraded priests. Only two years ago the excesses committed by them, compelled the government itself to disarm them. It is fearful to think of such men again possessing power, when even their employers talk of nothing but the extermination of the Liberals. Under these circumstances, we have thought it would be highly interesting to our readers to know something of the characters of the Carlist chiefs, especially the Archbishop of Toledo, in whom, at present, rests the real sovereignty of Spain, and Father Cirilo, the generalissimo of the Franciscans, and one of the most remarkable men who have figured in the Spanish revolution: we therefore extract them from this work.

#### LEADERS OF THE SERVILE PARTY.

##### Archbishop of Toledo.

Inguanzo, Cardinal, Archbishop of Toledo and the Primate of Spain, was in 1808 a canon of Oviedo. As a young man, he was considered as a Liberal, and in 1810 was elected a member of the Cortes. There he defended the sovereignty of the people, contributed to the establishment and promulgation of the constitution, and amongst the signatures of the celebrated fundamental law we find *Pedro Inguanzo, Deputy for Asturias*. The determination of the Cortes to reform the clergy, first shook his liberality, and he became suddenly an anti-constitutionalist. With all the zeal of an apostate, he immediately accused, reviled and persecuted those of his former colleagues who had remained faithful to the constitution, and got the bishopric of Zamora as a reward for his baseness. Less scrupulous, or more cunning than other bishops who had been elevated for like services, he did not, in 1820, manifest his dislike to the establishment of the constitutional government; on the contrary, he commended it in his circulars, tolerated with a good grace the exertions of many rectors of parishes in his diocese who were warm Liberals, and by a mean, public, and sometimes officious display of obedience, endeavoured to obliterate the unfavourable impression left by his former conduct. However, in 1823, when there was no doubt that the French would invade Spain, he began secretly to conspire against the Constitution, and he scattered the wages of corruption with a liberal hand; although at that very time, with a daring hypocrisy, he went voluntarily at the head of his clergy, to pay the highest religious honours to the ashes of Padilla and Bravo, the heroes of the Liberal party, which were sent to Zamora from Villalar to prevent their profanation by the hands of the Royalist guerrillas. At last, when the French were advanced sufficiently far to protect him, he raised and formed from the low populace of Zamora a kind of sacred militia, of which he declared himself the commander, and went so far as to review them daily, and at last to gird on the sword over his episcopal robes. Fortunately his courage was not tried—he had nobody to fight with; and his military zeal ended in burning and throwing into the Douro with solemn pomp the ashes of Padilla, whose body he had received, only two months before, with the greatest veneration.

In 1824, the Apostolicals obliged the King to appoint him Archbishop of Toledo. As soon

as he found himself in this high estate, which admitted of no further promotion, instead of being an instrument of the apostolical party as before, he desired to become their ruler—he wished to be first in power as he had become in dignity: he thought to rule and govern the Secret Society; but those who made him archbishop, spurned him for his base ingratitude; and, after violent disputes and angry contentions, he withdrew altogether from the society, and attempted to establish another party; but, failing in this by his obstinacy, pride, and overbearing insolence, he retired altogether from public affairs.

When the apostolical influence began to give way to the intrigues of the Afrancesados, the members of the Apostolical Secret Society saw the necessity of having the influence of the Primate on their side, and they entered into a treaty with him, about which many very extraordinary stories have been told. At present, he is one of the chiefs and perhaps the first of that powerful body of meddling priests and friars, who are the scourge and plague of this beautiful country. The King is much more afraid of this cunning and restless Archbishop, than he ever was of Riego, Baños, or all the Liberals together. He is, in all his actions, a Primate of the 14th century rather than of the 19th, although it is the received opinion that he is not influenced by any conscientious, but by merely selfish feeling. He has, however, gone too far to recede; he is equally feared by friends and enemies; and his violent persecutions against farmers for not paying their tithes, have brought upon him the hatred even of the populace. In justice to Inguanzo, I must acknowledge that his zeal in exacting could not exceed the cunning of the farmers in withholding what is undoubtedly the legal payment; and that the revenues of the archbishopric, which in 1818 exceeded 110,000*l.*, did not yield one half that sum in 1828. Indeed, the refusal to pay, and the cunning how to withhold payment of tithes, is becoming daily more common. The means that the government and prelates have taken to remedy this evil are violent enough, but either I know little of the Spaniards, or they will be wholly ineffectual; and I firmly believe that, at no distant date, the clergy will lose the greater part of their monstrous revenues even without deprivation by law; and with their incomes they must lose their influence. Inguanzo has foreseen this, and, where conscience had lost its influence, he has tried the utmost severity of the law in exacting full payment—should a revolution happen, he will be one of the first that must pay the penalty. †

##### Father Cirilo, Generalissimo of the Franciscans.

Father Cirilo was one of those numerous young men, who in this country become friars, from not knowing what better to do. His family was miserably poor, but they desired to have a priest among them, and, instead of putting him to some decent handicraft trade, he was instructed in the only two things absolutely necessary for a priest to know—Latin, and what the Spanish priests call *la Moral*, which means a knowledge of all the possible ways in which a man may sin, and of the relative criminality of each of those ways. I do not know if Father Cirilo made much progress in this instructive science, but I suspect not, because when he came up to be examined by the bishop, previously to being ad-

† It is extraordinary that the Archbishop is extremely anxious to know what foreign newspapers say of him. In 1826 an Englishman, of the name, I believe, of Turner, who, having turned Catholic, got a pension from the Spanish government, was introduced to the Archbishop as the correspondent of the *Morning Herald*; and, by promising to send some letters favourable to the existing government to that newspaper, contrived to be handsomely rewarded by his Excellency. I doubt very much whether he did or could fulfil his promise.

mitted into holy orders, he was rejected! Thus, being too ignorant for a priest, he became a friar. In this order he could not rise above the lowest rank, or to what the Spaniards call a friar of mass and *olla*, as we say, a private soldier. When the French, with very little ceremony, sent the friars home, Father Cirilo, not having one, embarked for Rio Janeiro, where, being a very fine young man, he was fortunate enough to attract the attention of the late Queen of Portugal, who was extremely fond of fine friars. He soon became a great favourite, and eventually the Queen sent him to negotiate the marriage of her two daughters with Ferdinand and his brother. The ability with which he carried on that negotiation proved, that, although not learned enough for a common priest, he was shrewd enough for a good ambassador; and the skill with which he insinuated himself into the good opinion of Ferdinand, that he had all the qualities of a courtier. After the King's marriage with the Princess of Portugal, Father Cirilo became the ornament and glory of the Camarilla; and, notwithstanding his want of learning, it may be said, with truth, that he was the most learned man of the party until 1820, when the Afrancesados were admitted into the council. His influence at court was very great. Fortunately for Father Cirilo, the death of the General of the Order of Saint Francis enabled Ferdinand to bestow this high office on him, and he was raised at once from the ranks to the generalship. But this honour, though determined on by the King, was not conferred without violent disputes, and a hard struggle with the Franciscans themselves. The friars elect the general; and if the statutes of the order were observed, Father Cirilo was absolutely unqualified. The order set itself as a body in opposition to the King; but Ferdinand, full of his triumphs over the Liberals, thought it disgraceful to yield to the Franciscans; he made direct and indirect application to the Pope, and so effectually, that Cirilo was proclaimed at Rome, not only General of the Spanish Franciscans, but Generalissimo of the Franciscans all over the world. It was a sort of whim of Ferdinand's, and he gloried in his success accordingly; and, I must acknowledge, to justify his choice, that if the Franciscans have had a more learned, they never had a more shrewd or politic commander. He enjoyed his high honours up to 1820, when a law of the Cortes put the friars under the immediate direction of the Bishops; and Father Cirilo, although still Generalissimo of the Franciscans out of Spain, had no command over those in this country. This, however, was a deprivation rather in law than reality;—in defiance of Cortes and Constitution, he never ceased one moment to command; and "his respectful children," as he said in a circular of 8th October 1823, "obeyed him with the greatest zeal when there was anything to be done against the enemies of God" (the Liberals). He was one of the earliest members of the Royal Anchor,† and elected president in January 1823. When the French arrived at Madrid, he established, in his magnificent cell, the headquarters of the apostolical party, where they have been ever since. He is considered a shrewd, cunning man, of excellent common sense, and the most active of all the apostolical chiefs. He is, as I have mentioned, comparatively uneducated, and of low birth; but he has not been an inattentive observer of manners—has acquired all the finished politesse of a courtier—and those who expect to meet a friar, are not a little astonished at being introduced to a gentleman. He has always belonged to the Carlists, although he is indebted to Ferdinand for everything he possesses. It is, perhaps, for that reason, that he has been lately in disgrace with the King; but Father Cirilo, and many of his friends, are

accustomed to this; and are comparatively indifferent to the opinion of Ferdinand. Although always detested by the friars, he exercises an unquestioned power over them, and is, in consequence of the daily communications between the Franciscans and the people, and their consequent influence over them, the most powerful man, either for good or ill, in Spain. He enjoys the rank and privileges of a grandee—his income is enormous; for every friar is obliged to give him the product of two masses weekly, and a portion of what they receive for preaching, &c. In fine, Father Cirilo has been, since 1823, one of the most important leaders of the Apostolicals, and the great support of the Carlists.

#### Regato.

This man, who has been so distinguished in the Spanish revolution, was a physician of great repute in 1808; and he was subsequently employed as physician to the army. In 1811, owing to some disputes with the then existing government, he abandoned his profession, and became editor of a very violent Liberal newspaper. In 1814 he was obliged to fly to England, to avoid being put to death, to which he was condemned by Ferdinand, for his political opinions. He returned to Spain in 1820, and immediately became one of the most influential men among the Liberals. At that time he was a Freemason; but, having less influence among them than he desired, he took advantage of some disputes to separate from them, and prevailed on Generals Ballesteros, Torrijos, Romero Alpuente, and some others, to found the *Comuneria*. Of this society he was for some time the most influential member, until many, not themselves very moderate men, disgusted with his violence, determined to act without consulting or communicating with him. He determined, in consequence, to leave Spain, but desired to be appointed Intendant of the Havana, one of the most profitable offices in the gift of the Spanish monarchy; but the ministers, who knew that Regato's influence was gone, refused him; and, in revenge, he offered his services to the King, and they were eagerly accepted. His first act after his desertion was an attempt to deceive the *Comuneros*, and induce them to prevent the government from leaving Madrid, when the French were about to invade Spain. He prevailed with many; but the greater part saw through his duplicity. His cunning and well-applied falsehoods contributed, more than anything else, to the defection of Ballesteros and the military chiefs; and he became, after the fall of the constitution, a favourite to his new master, and a dangerous enemy to his old friends. At present he is one of the Camarilla; and there is no doubt that he and some other renegades under his orders, are the soul of the secret policy of Ferdinand, who pays them handsomely from his privy purse. This man has done more injury than any other to the cause of liberty in Spain. He may be said to have divided the Liberals themselves, for they look with great suspicion on all those *Comuneros* who belonged to his party—amongst whom, however, there are many excellent, although few clever men; and Regato was once so influential among them, that he knows, perhaps better than any other man, the resources of the Liberals, and can in consequence oppose them more successfully.

[To be continued.]

#### TO . . . .

It is no crime to gaze on that mild face,  
Or love it either, for 'tis purity;—  
An angel's innocence I there can trace,  
And to love Innocence no sin can be!  
My fault is not my love, but its excess,  
Approaching almost to idolatry—  
But yet, I swear, I cannot love thee less,  
'Till less thou dost appear a Deity!—

#### THE POET'S MISTRESS TO HER LOVER.

BY MISS FARDOE.

BREATHE me a lay of old romance,  
A festive or a battle strain;  
Tell me of knightly steed or lance,  
But never sing of love again.  
For while I hang upon thy lute,  
And feel it to my spirit cling,  
I wish thy lip of passion mute—  
I'd have thee feel too much to sing!  
  
I hearken till a spell appears  
Enwreathed about my soul the while;  
And I look up to thee in tears,  
When I should greet thee with a smile.  
Then strike a livelier chord for me,  
Of marshalled hosts and tented plain—  
Of pomp, and pride, and pageantry—  
But never sing of love again!  
  
Proud one! thy lute has many strings:  
Why wilt thou always waken one,  
And fetter thine imaginings,  
As since I've loved thee thou hast done?  
There are a thousand beauteous flow'rs,  
The gentle breath of spring has blown;  
Wreath them, I pray, and make them ours,  
Nor let the rose be twined alone.  
  
If I could touch the lute like thee,  
I'd tell thee tales of fairy-land;  
And forms of light and witchery  
Should wake to life beneath my hand:  
But, didst thou ask a gentler lay,  
And bid me sweep love's trembling string,  
I'd put the lute in haste away,  
For I should feel too much to sing!

#### BARTOLOZZI.

It is remarkable that so eminent an artist as Mr. Bartolozzi should have lived in England for nearly forty years, at the very head of his profession, and that after his death there should never have been the least notice taken of him—and that, in an age of biographical anecdote. The following interesting facts are by a person intimately acquainted with him, and chiefly derived from himself.

Francesco Bartolozzi was born in Florence, September 25, 1728, where his father lived, who was a goldsmith, and kept a shop on the Ponte Vecchia. Young Bartolozzi, who was his only son, was taught drawing by Feretti, a drawing-master in Florence, and instructed in engraving by one Corsi, a very indifferent artist. His earliest attempts in engraving were copying prints from Frey and Wagner, and engraving shop-cards, and saints for Friars. His first work, considered as of any consequence, was from a picture in the cloisters of Santa Maria Novella, in Florence. When he was about eighteen, by the advice of Feretti, he sent a specimen of his abilities to Wagner, at Venice, which was satisfactorily received; and from that time he became his pupil and assistant, and remained with him ten years.†

Before he went to Venice he had never practised that process by engravers called etching; and his first attempts were from an altar-piece, by Amiconi, in the church of La Fava; and two etchings from pictures by Zucarelli. At this time he also painted pictures in miniature and in crayons. While he was with Wagner he married, and then went to Rome, where he stayed a year and a half; and, during his residence, among other works, he engraved several heads of painters for Bottari's edition of Vasari; and then returned to Venice and engraved on his own account, and also for a printseller of the name

† For the first two or three months he lodged with Zucarelli, the painter, and afterwards he lodged in Wagner's house, and received from 80 to 150 Venetian ducats per annum; and on Sundays an addition of 30 lire (about eight-pence English) for coffee.

† For an account of this Society (the first ever published), see *Athenæum*, No. 132, p. 599.



of Kent, who was the *Boydell* of Venice of that time.

In the year 1762, Mr. Dalton, the king's agent for works of art, being at Venice, introduced himself to Mr. Bartolozzi, and took him to Bologna to make two drawings,—a Cupid from Guido, and the Circumcision from Guiricini, which he afterwards engraved for him. When Mr. Dalton returned to England, he continued to employ Mr. Bartolozzi at Venice; and in his correspondence with him continually intimated that a great personage wished him to come to England to enjoy his patronage. Mr. Bartolozzi understanding this intimation to mean the King, he at length accepted the invitation, and Mr. Dalton sent him fifty guineas to pay the expenses of the journey, and at the same time particularly desired that he would not pass through Paris: with this desire he complied, and left Venice August 9, 1764, taking the route of the Tyrol, Frankfort, Cologne, and Amsterdam, where he was detained a week through illness.

When he arrived in London, he was welcomed by his friend Cipriani, in whose house he lived for a year and a half. During this time he was wholly employed by Mr. Dalton, who now, never once said a word about the great personage so often mentioned in his letters to Venice. After being in London about six months, he was sent for, quite unexpectedly, by the King, and he now flattered himself that the imaginary great personage was at last realized. The facts of this interview were thus related to me by himself: "I was shaving myself in the morning when a thundering rapping at the door announced the glad tidings, and I cut myself in my hurry to go to Buckingham House, where I was told his Majesty was waiting for me in the Library. When I arrived I found the King on his hands and knees on the floor, cleaning a large picture with a wet sponge, and Mr. Dalton, Mr. Barnard, the librarian, and another person standing by. The subject of the picture was the Murder of the Innocents, said to be by Paul Veronese, and I was sent for to give my opinion of its originality. Mr. Dalton named me to the King as a proper judge, as I had so lately come from Venice; and I suppose he intended to give me some previous instructions; but when delay was proposed, the King said, 'No, send for Mr. Bartolozzi now, and I will wait here till he comes.' On my entering the room, the King asked me whether the picture was an undoubted original by Paul Veronese; to which I gave a gentle shrug, without saying a single word. The King seemed to understand the full force of the expression, and, without requiring any further comment, asked me how I liked England, and if I found the climate agree with me, and then walked out at the window which led into the garden, and left Mr. Dalton to roll up his picture; and here ended the consultation. The picture was an infamous copy, and offered to the King for the moderate price of one thousand guineas.

"From this time Mr. Dalton was less gracious with me, and he demanded to be repaid the fifty guineas he sent to me to Venice, to pay the expenses of my journey to England; but my friend Cipriani undertook to defend me, and the claim was abandoned."

After Mr. Bartolozzi quitted Cipriani's house he lived in Broad Street, and in Bentinck Street, Soho; and at last settled in a house at North End, Fulham, pleasantly situated in the middle of a garden, which he took great delight in cultivating and improving; and here he continued to live till November 2, 1802, when he went to Portugal; to which country he sailed from Falmouth on the 6th of November, after a residence in England of more than thirty-eight years.

† He was employed by him three years and a half at a guinea a day.

Although Mr. Bartolozzi was greatly patronized by the public in this country, and in the receipt of a large income, and his works held in the highest estimation, yet, with a morbid sensibility, he always felt himself to be a foreigner, and never quite at home in England. This unfortunate prejudice his friend Cipriani was constantly labouring to root out, but with little success. From the prevalence of these feelings, and some domestic disappointments, he determined to go to Portugal. When this intention became generally known, M. Araujo, the Portuguese envoy, formed a plan to establish a school of engraving in Lisbon, over which he might preside, and required to know what salary he would deem sufficient for such superintendence; to which proposition he named a sum equal to two hundred pounds a year. M. Araujo thought this sum so moderate, that he wrote to the Prime Minister of Portugal to solicit the government to take it into consideration; and if any difficulty should arise on the subject of the stipend, he begged that it might be deducted from his own salary. The answer was as favourable as could be wished, and the Prince Regent of Portugal ordered the appointment to be immediately made out and sent to Mr. Bartolozzi, dated April 1, 1802.

The week before he left England, Lord Pelham sent his private secretary to inform him that he was authorized by his Majesty to make him an offer of four hundred pounds a year to remain in England, and more, if that was not sufficient; but this munificence came too late—his goods were already sent to Lisbon, and his house sold; nevertheless, he went to the Portuguese envoy and told him of the offer, to which he replied, "You are to choose what you think proper, and in that choice I trust you can have no difficulty," and gave him his passport.

After his establishment in Lisbon he lived thirteen years, and died in March 1815, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He left a widow, then living at Venice, and one son, the father of Madame Vestris, the well-known actress—a man of kind and amiable manners, who, in the latter part of his life, was beset with pecuniary difficulties, and left the world with less regret to himself than to his friends. After his father's death, his aged mother was supported by the munificence of the Royal Academy—an institution composed of a body of men who have constantly given away the profits of their own genius and talents with a liberality which reflects the greatest honour on their benevolence.

Mr. Bartolozzi was one of the twenty-seven artists who memorialized the King to establish a Royal Academy, and was nominated a Royal Academician on its establishment, in 1768. He was extremely generous, and his prices were very moderate; and he often lent his name, at the importunity of print-sellers, to works wholly unworthy of himself, to the great injury of his reputation. For Giardini's tickets he never made any charge, and received only occasional presents, as a gold ring, a watch-chain, or some trinket. These tickets were so celebrated and esteemed by the public, that Giardini said, Mr. Bartolozzi was indebted to him for his fame as an artist. This ungrateful and absurd piece of vanity was told to Mr. Bartolozzi at the time he was engraving one of them, which so irritated him that he engraved under it, *this for the last*—and he kept his word.

As an artist, in many respects, he had no rival. He drew the human figure better than any man that ever followed engraving as a profession; his slight prints have an unrivalled taste and dexterity of execution; and some of his tickets for Giardini are better than any works of that kind by any other artist. His large prints, where finished drapery makes a principal part of the composition, as his Death of Lord Chatham, are of inferior excellence. Frey and Gerard Audran were his models of imitation; for metallic

execution in engraving, as shown in the prints of Wille, he had no partiality. His Diploma for the Royal Academy, and the naked boy in the Clytie, are two examples which will always place him among the first engravers that ever lived; to which might be added many other works of his, of equal merit. That part of his art in which he may be said to be inferior to Woollett and Strange was the want of giving to his prints the local colour of a picture. This defect is common to all foreign prints, which are generally copied from black and white chalk drawings, and have a sort of white paper *chiar-oscuro*, without the least attempt at local colour. The famous print by Morghen of the "Last Supper," by Leonardo da Vinci, from this circumstance, is not at all like the original picture as to tone; and it is to Woollett and to Strange we are indebted for this great improvement in the art of engraving.

R. D.

#### GENERAL ASSEMBLY OF THE NATURALISTS OF GERMANY AT HAMBURG.

A brief notice, from the *Hamburg Reporter*, of the proceedings of this Society having appeared in *The Times*, and some other papers of the week without comment, we have thought it well to prefix to ours, some account of the origin of the Society.

This association originated with Dr. Oken,† formerly professor of Natural Philosophy at the university of Jena, and now privy-councillor to the grand-duke of Weimar, who has long occupied a foremost rank among the naturalists of the continent. No other qualification is required on the part of any individual desirous of joining its meetings, than that he should belong to the medical profession, or be engaged in the pursuit of some branch of study connected with Natural History: nor does he need any introduction beyond a previous announcement of his intention to be present, addressed to one of the managers resident in the place where the annual meeting is to be held: to this, indeed, he must add a note of the nature and extent of the memoir he intends to read at its sittings. It assembles one year in some northern, and the next, in some southern town in Germany; so that those who are unable to compass a distant journey, may have the opportunity of assisting at its proceedings once at least in two years. Numbers of scientific men, utter strangers to each other, but by public report, or from their publications, have eagerly embraced this means of becoming personally acquainted with their fellow-labourers in the delightful field of nature; and the interchange of information, which a few short hours bring with them, renders every member familiar with the varied researches and studies prosecuting in the several countries of Europe; for the Austrian and the Dane, the Prussian, Russian, and Englishman, may be seen actively participating in the interest of its proceedings, and forgetting all national jealousies in the cause of nature and science.

A meeting of this excellent and useful association took place at Dresden in 1826; at Munich, in 1827; at Berlin, in 1828; and at Heidelberg, last year. That for the present year assembled at Hamburg, and its first sitting occurred on Saturday, the 21st of September. M. Bartels, the chief magistrate, opened it with an apology for having ventured to accept the honour of presiding over its interesting transactions. He was followed by Professor Struwe, of the Russian university of Dorpat, who dwelt upon the comparative merits of the living astronomers of Germany and those of other countries, and awarded the first rank to Russia and Germany, but especially the latter; whilst he mentioned England and France as

† Editor of the *Iris*, an esteemed scientific journal. Ed.



being those members of the great European community, amongst whom the science of Astronomy is cultivated with the least assiduity and success. He was succeeded by Professor Wendt of Breslau, who bestowed great pains in explaining his theory of Animal Magnetism: the development of his principles, though many could not but refuse their assent to them, was listened to with much interest. The next day Professors Oersted of Copenhagen, Willbrandt of Giessen, and Pfaff of Kiel, addressed the meeting. The second of these gentlemen attacked the generally-received opinion as to the cause of "the flux and reflux of the sea;" affirming that they did not proceed from lunar influence, and proposing the subject as a fit matter for discussion during the projected excursion of the members to Heligoland. Professor Pfaff next entered into a singularly-interesting investigation of the nature and uses of "coffee," and observed, that he had succeeded, in the course of his analyses, in extracting a pure bitter, and an aromatic acid from that berry: both of which, he considered, might become deserving of attention as addenda to our Pharmacopœia. He presented specimens of these extracts to the meeting. Dr. Simon, of Hamburg, read to-day a memoir on the value of "the Healing Art;" and he was followed by Count Sternberg of Prague, who proposed that next year's assembly should be held in Vienna, as the emperor of Austria, himself a distinguished naturalist, had expressed his earnest desire to that effect; this proposal having been seconded by Professor Lichtenstein of Berlin, was adopted amidst great acclamation. The president appointed for the next year is Jacquin, professor of Chemistry and Botany in that university, assisted by M. Littrow, director of the Imperial Observatory, as secretary. At the same sitting thanks were voted to Jahn, of Munich, who has collated several MSS. of Pliny, at Paris, Rome, and Florence, for the edition which two years ago the Society resolved to publish.

On Wednesday, the members were to proceed on their excursion to Heligoland, whither they were to be conveyed by a steam-bent, hired for the purpose. They are expected back on Friday, and on the following day would close their public sittings. On the Sunday they explored the banks of the Elbe, and paid a visit to the beautiful nursery-grounds, kept by Messrs. Booth at Flottbeck, where more than four hundred lovers of nature were collected, and regaled with a collation, given under a spacious tent, by the proprietors.

#### ACCOUNT OF THE DISCOVERY OF THE EGYPTIAN TYPHON.

By J. Passalacqua, Director of the Royal Museum of Egyptian Antiquities at Berlin.

[From the *Prussian Gazette*.]

I am in hopes that this communication may prove acceptable to the friends of ancient art as well as of archaeological inquiries.

It is of rare occurrence to find the Typhon, or genius of evil, among the portraits of divinities in the Egyptian paintings or basso-relievos; and this circumstance adds to the difficulty of recognizing it whenever it does exist. Hence arose my ambition to reduce the forms

† The Typhon, Typhos, or Typhoon, of Grecian mythology, was a monster of a more gigantic stature and more horrible appearance than any other earth-born being. Pindar acquaints us, that his hands were armed with a hundred dragons instead of fingers; and that snakes, winding themselves in frightful convolutions around his body, climbed up above his head, and filled the air with their hideous hissings. He was feathered of body; his head was shrouded with thick bristles; an enormous beard descended from his chin; his eyes darted fire. On the other hand, Hesiod records that his hands and feet were in perpetual motion; the eyes of a hundred serpents' heads flashed fire; their mouths shot forth male tongues. At times the gods could un-

der which this deity was represented to something like a certainty; but my labours proved long unavailing, until they led me to the subsequent results, which I now consign to the judgment of a more competent tribunal.

On the coffin of a mummy existing in the King's Museum here, I detected two representations of a deity which I had never seen before, or at least had hitherto overlooked; the first sight of them led me to conjecture that they were the figures of the genius of evil. I found them repeated on the two external sides of the coffin. Over each of these four figures stands its name, which, barring a trivial variation in the hieroglyphics, is the same in each instance. According to Champollion's frequently-corroborated estimate of the value of the phonetic signs, the hieroglyphics, of which this name is composed, are the Coptic words, "Sinia, Tau, and Hori," or in Latin, S. T. H.; and it will be recollected that Plutarch tells us, in his "De Iside et Osiride," that Typhon's general appellation among the Egyptians was *Seth*. After I had thus ascertained the component parts of this name, I examined the hieroglyphical texts of several other coffins in the Museum, under an expectation that I might find the same denomination again recurring among the numerous names of other divinities. It is notorious that, in Egyptian inscriptions, the name of a deity is followed either by the pictorial effigy of the god himself, or at least some one of his symbols. On various occasions, therefore, I discovered the name of Seth to be accompanied by a recumbent ass; and we are informed, both by Pliny and Ælian, that in Egypt this animal was sacred to Typhon. Having detected this his symbol, I strove to apply it in tracing other Egyptian denominations of the god in the hieroglyphical texts, and succeeded in discovering the following name, as attached to this type of the evil genius. It consists of the hieroglyphical words "Sinia, Mi, Ni, and Tau," or S. M. N. T.; and Plutarch observes, that Typhon was likewise called *Smy* or *Smith*, which, I think, I am justified in correcting by the word, *Sinait*.

This varied harmony between hieroglyphical representations and inscriptions and the ancient writers, is an unerring criterion of the valuable discoveries made by Dr. Young and Champollion, and has impelled me to lay down the following forms, as characteristic of the Egyptian Typhon:—On the first coffin I have mentioned, the god is represented as a dwarf of very muscular make. In one of the figures his human body is distinguished by a serpent's head, and in the other by a jackal's: he is quite naked, and has a long tail hanging behind as low as the ground. One arm, round which a serpent has twined itself, is uplifted; the other, of which the fist is clenched, is thrust behind him in a threatening posture. He is represented in the attitude of a person rushing forwards—his body is painted wholly black—and the heads of the animals and serpents are all of them red.

derstand his words; at others he roared like a lion: now he howled like a dog; and then he hissed so awfully that the very mountains quaked. He stormed Olympus with burning fragments of rock and flames of fire, and forced his way into it amidst the hissing of his serpent auxiliaries. Here he put the gods to flight; they sought refuge in Egypt, where, in order to escape his further molestation, they assumed the form of animals. After a severe contest, however, Typhon flew across the seas to Sicily, where Jupiter, by casting Ætna upon him, brought him under subjection. But Ovid goes still further, and employs the whole island in keeping him down; for he sets Ætna on his head, the Peloric promontory on his right, the Pachynic promontory on his left arm, and the Lilybæan on his legs. According to some of the ancients, he died by Apollo's bow; and the blood that flowed from him gave birth to the dragon which guarded the golden fleece, as well as to the whole race of serpents. Bring the whole of the traditions which concern Typhon together, and they will prove to be neither more nor less than so many allegorical types of the elemental strife—storms, inundations, earthquakes, volcanoes, and the like.

On the papyrus, No. 4, belonging to the King's Library here, I found a precisely corresponding figure of the Typhon with the jackal's head; but his animal head is black; and he wears the customary Egyptian coif, which may be designed for his hair, and is alone painted red. Here we must not omit to remark, that the ancient writers make mention of red-haired men, who, being deemed of the Typhonic race, are said to have been offered as sacrifices in Eleutha, the El-kab of Upper Egypt. On the papyrus roll Typhon is figured as swinging two red serpents in the air, one in each hand; and I would observe, in conclusion, that the serpent, Apopis, of the ancients, is an emblem of the Typhon, who is classed among the deities of the first order, and is sometimes represented with a jackal's head, like Seth.

I intend publishing a minute description of these newly-discovered forms of Typhon, for which we are indebted to the accurate appreciation of the phonetic hieroglyphics by Champollion, under the title of "The principal Characters and Symbols of Egyptian Mythology;" which will be accompanied by more than one hundred drawings, from the originals extant in the King's Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in this city.

#### A BRIEF MEMOIR OF DON JUAN VAN HALEN, COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF AT BRUSSELS.

How entirely the revolution at Brussels was brought about by the people, may be inferred from the fact, that it was so little countenanced by influential persons, however advisable they may now think it to appear and direct or influence it, that the leader is said to have been Don Juan Van Halen, a Spanish refugee, who now signs himself Commander-in-Chief of the Belgians. Under the extraordinary circumstance of his sudden elevation, and his present rank and influence, we have thought a brief memoir of him might be interesting.

Don Juan Van Halen was born at the Isle of Leon, near Cadiz, in 1790. His father was a naval officer, the son of a Fleming, who held military rank in the Spanish armies. The present Van Halen began his career in the navy, and served as midshipman at the battle of Trafalgar. He was subsequently appointed a lieutenant, and was afterwards employed in the civil department of the navy at Madrid. Upon the entry of the French into that city he joined the army of Galicia, and was appointed an ensign of cavalry; but, on the surrender of Ferrol, being taken prisoner by the French, he abandoned the cause of his country and swore fealty to Joseph, with whom he became afterwards a great favourite. When Joseph was obliged to fly from Spain, Van Halen accompanied him to France, but was immediately dismissed in great anger, and with circumstances of insult;—the reason has never been known, and even Van Halen himself professes to be ignorant of it. After this he resided a short time at Bordeaux, but upon the publication of the amnesty he determined to return to Spain; his motives and his conduct at this time are extremely questionable. According to his own account he joined Marshal Suchet at Barcelona, in his old character of a faithful follower of Joseph, but immediately opened a communication with the Spanish government, the nature of which he has not made public. It is certain that he was kindly welcomed by the Marshal, received an appointment on his staff, was, to a certain extent, admitted into his confidence, and, by way of making himself welcome to the patriots, he fabricated orders from Suchet, directed to the Governors of Llerida, Mequinenza, and Monzon, and contrived to affix the Marshal's signet, directing them to abandon those places, and retreat immediately

upon the main army. These orders (and we must here do him the justice to acknowledge it was a service of some risk,) he personally delivered, and being well known as an officer in the French service attached to the Marshal, they were immediately complied with; the troops abandoned the fortresses, were betrayed on their retreat into an ambush, and all taken prisoners. These important services secured to Van Halen a cordial welcome from the patriots, and he was immediately appointed a captain; there was, however, nothing in them likely to win their confidence, and they always entertained suspicions of him; and two years afterwards he was arrested by the colonel of his regiment, and conducted to Marbella, where an order from the King was produced, directing him to be shot forthwith. Fortunately, the Governor had some suspicions about its being genuine, and deferred the execution until he could communicate with Madrid, and the communication proved it to be a forgery—this is another extraordinary circumstance not well explained. He was now appointed a lieutenant-colonel, and became a Freemason; but, in consequence of some imprudencies, it became known to the government, and he was imprisoned in the Inquisition of Murcia, and afterwards in that of Madrid. From hence, by the help of a servant-maid of the gaoler, he contrived to escape—a circumstance so rare, that it was soon tricked out with all possible romance, and excited immense interest in Spain. On his escape he came to England, and afterwards went to Russia, where he was admitted into the military service, and joined the army of the Caucasus; there he remained till 1820, when he was suddenly dismissed by the Emperor, and returned to Spain. He then married the sister of Quiroga, served under Mina in Catalonia, and, with his patriot countrymen, emigrated to England in 1824. From hence he went to New York, where he resided for three years, and on his return he published a narrative of his imprisonment in the Inquisition, and an account of his Russian campaigns. He has since resided in England, France, and Belgium, and been engaged in commercial speculations; one especially, the introduction of an improved bit, for which a patent was taken out both in France and England, but a want of sufficient funds has hitherto prevented the parties from manufacturing it on a great scale in this country, although it has been reported to us as a very valuable improvement. Van Halen, however, was not the inventor, but the partner or agent in the business.

## FINE ARTS.

*The Winter's Wreath* for 1831. London, Whitaker & Co.; Liverpool, G. Smith.

We heretofore noticed the good promise in the announcement of this volume, and very pleasantly it must have sounded to our readers. We thought it, however, unjust to offer a critical opinion on the few plates we had then seen, and even now our notice must be partial, for the proofs before us have not the names of the artists subscribed, and good deeds and good works ought not to be passed over without special mention of the "good men and true," to whom we are indebted for them. We cannot, however, restrain our impatience altogether, and must say a word of

"Dove Dale," a splendid scene of mountain and valley, fine water and fine foliage—a scene of quiet beauty, that realizes a young poet's dream, and comes to us full of all pleasant associations—an admirable picture, beautifully engraved, and well opposed to the wild

"Pass in the Abruzzi," with its brawling torrent, its deep dark ravines; its riven timber,

its jagged and fearful passes and precipices, the haunts of outlaws and bandits, painted by Barber and engraved by Miller. These two gems of art would be a grace and ornament to any volume, and will not, we expect, be surpassed by any of the illustrations in any of the annuals.

*Shipping and Craft.* Drawn from the objects and etched by Edward William Cooke, under the superintendence of George Cooke. London, 1830. Arch.

WE understand that Mr. E. W. Cooke is not yet twenty—if so, this is a very extraordinary work. There is a freedom and power in the execution, that remind us of his unequalled father—and a feeling and brilliancy that remind us of the old Dutch masters, and give us reason to hope, that this young artist will hereafter rival what hitherto has been unequalled. We must not be understood as meaning, that he has yet done so, but that his work gives promise, that, with perseverance, he may accomplish it. We infer this, not from the more prominent and more laboured parts of these etchings, but from the delicacy of the distance—the clear and vigorous touch with which he often intimates distant objects: we would refer to the scenery in the Hatch-Boat off Gravesend, and to that still better in the Canal-Boats—to the very excellent plate of Dutch Boats beating to windward—the Dutch Galliot unloading at Great Yarmouth—and, as a fine specimen of very effective etching, to the Fishing-Boats Arrived.

*Her Highness the Princess Victoria.* William Fowler. Richard Golding. Colnaghi.

THIS is the best print among the many we have seen of this interesting Princess. Mr. Golding has done all his art could for the picture, which we regret was not better, for his sake. The hand is that of an aged person, rather than of a child of ten years: and why the hat and feather were made as large as the body of the child, we know not—surely it is out of all proportion. As a likeness, we can strongly recommend it.

AN engraving of the King, from a beautiful drawing by the late President, (a study for the picture, exhibited at Somerset House,) is one of the forthcoming novelties. From the late exhibition of Sir Thomas Lawrence's works, the following have been selected for the engraver:—Lady Gower and Child—the Marquis of Lansdowne—and Lady Georgiana Agar Ellis. It is reported that Mr. Doo has been prevailed upon to undertake the engraving of the Duke of York by this gentleman, or those who have been fortunate enough to get a peep at the Head of Govartius, for the National Gallery, will hope the report may prove true.

Mr. Locker, the active Secretary of Greenwich Hospital, has projected the engraving of the Naval Gallery of that institution, in the collecting of which he was so indefatigable. We wish every possible success to this record of England's naval glory; and our readers may rely upon our keeping a sharp "look out" after its progress.

## NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

*Variations Brillantes pour le Piano, sur la Marche favorite de la Muette de Portici.* Dedicées à Madlle. Stany de Praslin, par Jacques Herz. Cramer & Co.

A brilliant and showy piece, quite in Herz's own style, full of fire and effect, if played by a good pianist (which it requires). Auber's beautiful march and chorus (which he himself has made the principal theme in his overture to *Masaniello*), is originally in the fine key of E flat, and certainly

becomes deteriorated by being transposed by Herz into the more common key of D. A clever introduction, the theme, and six very ingenious variations comprise this piece; and the whole may be regarded as of the first class of composition.

*Our Queen is the wife of a Sailor;* companion to "Our King is a true British Sailor." A national song, written by Captain Mitford; and humbly dedicated to His Most Gracious Majesty King William the Fourth, by his loyal subject and servant, S. Nelson. Mayhew & Co.

THE truest sign of popularity in publications, is when parodies, replies, or companions are issued. Mr. Nelson's song is all it professes to be, and in a good nautical John Bull style.

*The Beauties of Berbiguier.* For the Flute. Extracted from that author's works, by William Forde. Book I. Cocks & Co.

THE following extract from the preface will explain the intention of the compiler, and after a careful examination (as well as trial) of the work, we have no hesitation in declaring it to be an interesting, and well-arranged publication.

"To the Amateur.—Berbiguier, by his compositions, has contributed in a very great degree, to elevate the flute to the high rank it now holds, both in the orchestra and in the chamber. His most attractive pieces are here presented, forming a series of Solos for the flute, the greater part of which are still unpublished in this country. That such a work has not long since appeared, must create surprise, when we consider the general admiration of this author's writings, and the immense fund of materials they offer for the purpose. Concertos, sonatas, duets, trios, quartets, and other compositions of that nature, are for the most part of no use to the amateur who retires to practise his instrument alone, as they rarely contain any subject altogether independent of the accompaniments. Every flute-player has felt the truth of this remark; and it is particularly applicable to the works of Berbiguier. To render them available for study and amusement, is the object of this publication; and the editor is confident, from the care bestowed in the selection and arrangement of the materials, that the flutist's library has never received a more valuable addition than the 'Beauties of Berbiguier.'"

*Introduction and Variations on Weber's last Waltz.*

For Flute and Piano-forte, composed and dedicated to G. C. Julius, Esq. By E. C. Martin. W. Card.

IN reviewing adaptations of this beautiful little composition, at least a dozen times in the Athenæum, we have, with (we believe) only one exception, deplored the sad taste that could have induced any one to transpose it from the superior and unequalled key of A flat into any other—but in the present instance, as Mr. Martin has arranged it in a familiar manner expressly for the flute, perhaps transposition became inevitable. An adagio Introduction, the Thema, and three brief variations, constitute the whole of the publication, which is quite adapted for the amateur flutist, in the common key of D. The adagio is written solely for the piano-forte, but all the rest may be considered and performed as a solo for the flute.

*No. I., Songs of the Sacred Harp.* Composed by John Barnett. Mayhew & Co.

BARNETT has chosen for his commencing number, the well-known words, "O Lord our Governor, how excellent is thy name," and we think injudiciously—the old music of Marcello's being so well adapted, and so highly popular, as to place any attempt at a new melody in a disadvantageous light. It is pleasing, easy, and devotional, but quite common-place.

*Something.* A comic song, sung by Mr. W. H. Williams; the words and music by the author of "Mr. and Mrs. Smith." Chappell.

COMIC songs, are scarcely to be considered in the rank of musical compositions, but this is *something* worth notice: the music is pretty, well harmonized and arranged, and the language humorous.

*National Aids.* With variations expressly for the Harp. Published for N. B. Challoner, by Mayhew & Co. (No. IV.)

THIS is an interesting and familiar adaptation of Beethoven's beautiful variations upon "Quant' e più bella," (we presume by Challoner). Although a work by the great Beethoven, it is so clearly and decidedly arranged under the finger for the harp, as to be quite easy.

## THE THEATRES.

## DRURY-LANE.

THIS establishment has opened in great force, and has already introduced us to some old favourites, who have been lately under eclipse, as well as to some new aspirants to distinction. Dowton has played *Cantwell*, *Falstaff*, and *Old Hardy*, without any perceptible change of manner. His *Cantwell* is good, but there is wonderfully little in the part; while his *Falstaff*, if not altogether the *Falstaff* of our imagination, is at least the best now on the stage. Mrs. Waylett played *Letitia Hardy*, on Tuesday, and came off triumphantly. She has all the archness and grace which the part requires; and her bearing throughout warrants the conclusion that she is a person of very considerable intelligence. We like her singing, too: it is extremely tasteful. Better voices we have many, as well as many singers of higher powers of execution; but we scarcely know any one, who can so well impart the appropriate expression to simple music, or who knows so completely how to produce the full effect which her talents and acquirements fit her to attain, without straining or distortion. Miss Pearson, from Bath, who played *Mrs. Forde*, in the "Merry Wives of Windsor," has a sweet mellow voice; but as to her general value, we are scarcely qualified to speak. Miss Byfield, who appeared at Covent Garden two years ago, has played *Mrs. Page*, and *Elvira* in "Masaniello," and been tolerably well received in both. Her voice appears to us thin, wiry, harsh: her singing altogether disagreeable. Miss Chester sustained the part of *Donna Violante* in "The Wonder," on Thursday. She is a fine woman. We know of no other merit as an actress that she has. Liston, Wallack, Cooper, Harley, Sinclair, have been at their posts; Liston as grave, Harley as volatile as ever; Wallack and Cooper without any diminution of their vigour and good sense; and Sinclair, clear in voice, and unimpaired in manner, as he ever has been. We hazard these disjointed remarks, because, in truth, the management has done little hitherto but parade its troops before us. The state of the muster-roll, however, sanctions very high anticipations; and for our own parts, we shall not neglect our duty of chronicling the numerous successes which, we hope, will distinguish the campaign.

## COVENT-GARDEN.

THIS theatre opened on Monday with "Romeo and Juliet." The cast was the same as that of last year, with the exception of the *Nurse* by Mrs. Gibbs, instead of Mrs. Davenport, and much as we admired Mrs. Davenport, it would be unjust not to acknowledge that the admirable talent of her successor, left us little to regret in the change. Miss Kemble played the heroine, and some overcritical admirers affected to think, not so well as heretofore. We could perceive no difference.

It would puzzle us to determine whether Abbott's *Romeo*, or Warde's *Jaffier*—the roaring lover, or the croaking husband—be the more disagreeable personage; each, however, is pre-eminently bad.

Charles Kemble's *Pierre* is chivalrous, so far as the outward man is concerned; his *Mercutio*

is superior to any anything else of the kind which the stage can show; and his *Beverley* is characterized by intensity of power.

We fear a want of variety at this establishment during the season. We see no symptoms of a change of persons or characters; and the town will be apt to tire, we imagine, of the tragedies of last winter. If Mr. Kemble trusts to the unaided attraction of his daughter's talents, he will assuredly be disappointed; and the experiment will prove a cruel one, in its effects on the reputation of the young lady herself. Let her talents be estimated how they may, they require the aid of relief. The public long for a glimpse, occasionally, of talent of a different kind.

## PARISIAN THEATRICALS.

Paris, October 7th.

THE Italian Opera opened on Saturday last, with "L'Ultimo Giorno de Pompeii," which enjoys a high share of favour with the admirers of Pacini. Madame Meric Lalande, whose scientific execution did not escape the notice of the Parisians, played the principal part.

Madame de Staël's romance of "Corinne" has given the subject and name to a drama just produced at the Français. It is another instance of the total inadequacy of even the most striking and eminent works in that department of literature to the purposes of the stage. The romance is followed, in the new drama, as closely as it could possibly be, in three short acts; but, notwithstanding some excellent acting by Madame Valmonzey, in *Corinne*, and Perrier as *Lord Nevil*—the only characters of the least consequence—its reception was extremely cold.

A drama, entitled "Nobles et Bourgeois," has been produced at the Odéon, the subject of which is the discord that existed between the parties in some town, with an unpronounceable name, in Bohemia, some centuries ago. Two or three scenes vigorously acted in this drama, by M. Frederick, were warmly applauded, but on the whole it was very unfavourably received. Mlle. Noblet distinguished herself in a remarkable manner, and divided the applause with Frederick.

Pigault le Brun's novel of "Angélique et Jeanneton," has furnished the subject of a lively little comedy at the Vaudeville, in which Bernard Léon and Arnal keep the audience in the most perfect good humour, and Madame Brohan, as *Jeanneton* contributed largely to the success of the piece.

An anecdote told of Voltaire, of his being overtaken by a violent tempest, which obliged the philosopher to take shelter in a monastery, where his pious discourse and zeal in the performance of his religious duties quite won the hearts of the whole fraternity, has been made the subject of a one-act trifle at the Variétés, entitled "Voltaire chez les Capucins." Poor Voltaire was as ill-treated as the most determined Jesuit could wish him, in the hands of Daudel; but, with the aid of a few smart couplets, and some agreeable buffoonery by Vernet, as the gardener of the monastery, the piece was favourably received.

The Ambigu Comique has re-opened, after a short cessation of its performances, under a new director, M. Lemethy, from whose activity and knowledge of the stage great expectations are entertained that he will raise it to a state of prosperity which it has long been a stranger to. The opening piece was a new drama, from the pen of M. Ancelot, entitled "Henriette;" it is well written, and was received with applause.

*The Netherlands.*—There are four idioms prevalent in this kingdom: of these the Dutch is spoken by four tenths of the population, the Walloon by three tenths, French by two tenths, and Flemish by one tenth. In considering its intellectual condition, we shall find that the 1073 communes or districts of the northern (principally Protestant) provinces, have 1835 district schools, whilst the 2645 communes of the southern (principally Catholic) provinces, the population of which considerably exceeds one half of the whole amount of the entire kingdom, do not possess more than 2054 district schools; the proportion of the former to the latter being, consequently, as 171 to 77. The number of scholars also in the northern provinces is ten thousand more than in the southern, and gives an average of one hundred and six to each school in the former, but of seventy-one only to each school in the latter. It is very remarkable, that out of the two hundred and fifty thousand individuals who make their way in Holland and the Low Countries without any sort of education whatever, thirteen thousand only belong to the northern parts, whilst the remainder are natives of the southern parts of the kingdom.

*Ghent.*—Baldwin, Count of Hainault, in the 13th century, in order to appease the citizens of Ghent and induce them to recognize his title, granted them an extraordinary charter. Though written in barbarous Latin, the preamble and first article of this document, which was for ages esteemed the Ghandese Bill of Rights, and is curious and interesting at the present moment. "In the name of the most holy and undivided Trinity. Amen,—I, Baldwin, Earl of Flanders and Hainault, send health for ever to all present and to come. It is conformable to the laws of God and the light of sound princes, who claim to be honoured and served by their subjects, should make it reciprocally their duty to respect and maintain intact the rights and reasonable usages of the latter; and being moved by these considerations, at the solicitation of my dear and faithful burghers of Ghent, I have granted them, in manner following, their rights and usages, as well as the franchises of their towns, whereof I am about to make a revival,—Art. I. *The Ghandese owe fidelity and friendship to their prince, so long as he shall treat them as justice and reason dictate; for it is by such a course that the sovereign rules for the benefit of all.*" &c.

*Rome.*—"Sig. Rolli, an intelligent naturalist, discovered, a few months ago, a stone weighing 755 Roman pounds, which was supposed to be that precious silicious material which the ancients called *Murria*, and from which they formed their drinking-cups and vases. The stone in question is of a lamellated nature, and admitting of a high polish; the crystalline arrangement of the substance is visible; the predominating colours are green, blue, and lake, which ramify in serpentine lines over a ground of straw-colour. Sig. Rolli, thinking it was a mass composed of precious stones, concealed it from the government, (who claim the right of purchasing all the objects discovered, at their own price,) and then had careful drawings made, and accurately coloured; he employed agents in several courts in Europe, to negotiate the sale to some sovereign, and the price asked was enormous. At last some evil wind carried the news to this government, and it summoned all the wise men of the Sapienza, and the naturalists of St. Luke, to examine this wondrous stone. The antiquarians pondered over the musty volumes of the Vatican—some very learned discussions were delivered in public about it, and a flaming quarto was on the point of coming from the press, when some indiscreet blockhead put an end to the matter, by saying the Rollian stone was only *fluor-spar*!" D.



**Thorwaldsen.**—Thorwaldsen, travelling to Stuttgart, overtook on the road, a poor German heavily laden with a knapsack; on seeing the carriage pass, the man called to the coachman to stop, and entreated to be taken up: but the driver, giving an insolent reply, would have continued his way, when the sculptor himself ordered the coachman to stop, saying he would make room for him inside; he accordingly requested the tired pedestrian to come in and take a seat. They soon entered into familiar conversation, in the course of which the stranger said he was a painter, and, hearing that the great Thorwaldsen was shortly expected at Stuttgart, he had started from — on foot, resolving to see an artist whose works had made such noise in Europe. "And pray, Sir," said he, "as you say you have just left Rome, have you seen, or do you know Thorwaldsen personally?" "Yes," replied the sculptor, "I have the good fortune to be very intimate with him, and promise on our arrival at Stuttgart to present you to him." At this assurance the German's joy knew no bounds; he grasped him by the hand, and a silent tear bespoke his gratitude. The benevolent old man felt sensibly moved at the unsophisticated zeal of the young artist, and unable to sustain his incognito any longer—"My dear good friend," he exclaimed, "I will not keep you in longer suspense—I am Thorwaldsen."

**Egyptian Geography.**—Mr. Wilkinson, who for many years has carried on his scientific researches in Egypt, has completed an elaborate map of the *Friens*, and thus supplied what has hitherto remained a desideratum in the delineation of Egypt. The map has been printed from stone, at Cairo, for private circulation among his friends: we hope both this valuable addition to eastern geography, as well as the curious information this gentleman has collected respecting the mythology and history of the ancient Egyptians, may ultimately be given to the public. Mr. Wilkinson printed some fasciculi of the work at Malta in 1828, and it is to be lamented that Egypt does not afford the requisites for letter-press printing as it now does for lithography, for which advantage, travellers are indebted to the exertions of Messrs. Burton, and some other enterprising Englishmen, who have long made Egypt their abode.

**Pilchard Fishery.**—The pilchards caught on the western coast, form a very considerable article of commerce, and the fishery is carried on much in the same extensive way with that of the tunny in the Mediterranean, so well represented in the picture by Vernet. A seine of enormous length, and from 8 to 10 fathoms deep, is laid out, moored with a number of small anchors, and floated by casks, so as to form a circular enclosure, in which the boats cast smaller seines; and such is the quantity of fish thus enclosed, that 3000 barrels of pilchards have been caught in one enclosure. Notwithstanding the great extent of the nets, the boatmen are so expert, that they actually lay out a net more than two-thirds of a mile long in less than a quarter of an hour. This statement may altogether appear incredible to one not acquainted with fishing for shoals, but we can assure our readers, it is from correct information. The fish are closely packed in casks and heavily pressed, and the oil which runs out, being received on an inclined floor properly grooved to convey it into tanks, becomes also a valuable article of commerce. If the shoal of pilchards is not sufficiently extensive to render this method of fishing available, the boatmen have recourse to the ordinary mode practised for catching herrings, which is by suffering a long shallow net to drag at length after the boat, when the fish swim against it and are merely caught by the gills—they then slowly haul the net on board, and shake the fish off.

In our notice of Lord Kingsborough's magnificent work on Mexico, our remarks were confined to the work itself—but, in justice to a modest ingenious man, Mr. C. Hering, we must say a word or two on the external decoration of the vellum copies. These right regal volumes (if we may use the word,) are clothed in morocco, and enriched with the most superb tooling, expressly made from decorations of the time of Louis XIV., and most beautiful specimens they are;—but the great triumph of this ingenious artist is displayed in pressing the volume in such a manner, that, without opening, it would be impossible to imagine it to be vellum: and to those of our readers who recollect the unsightly appearance of vellum books in general, from the difficulty of beating them into decent shape—witness the horrible appearance of the Complutensian Polyglott—this will be a matter of great satisfaction.

**Veterinary Art in Austria.**—In the German provinces belonging to the crown of Austria, the government has made several appointments of veterinary surgeons, (there styled "physicians"), and granted them an annual allowance of fifty pounds. These appointments are preferably bestowed on individuals, who have studied and been examined, or have graduated at the Veterinary Institution in Vienna—have filled the office of teacher, or have been bred in that school. The government appoints the spot where they are to exercise their functions.

**A little figurative.**—The wines, too, were of the most approved description—they consisted of the dark, but generous, port and claret (sanctified by a vigorous old age)—the glittering sherry—and the delicious champagne, which formed in the wine-cup with a beauty bright as the rainbow coruscations of wit, and pleasing to the taste as the honied liquid which moistens the vermilion lip of Beauty."—From an Irish paper: account of the dinner given to Colonel Forde, the unsuccessful candidate for the county of Down.

**Boccaccio.**—The preceding editions of many of this illustrious writer's works (particularly his "Fiammetta," and "Il Filocolo") having been grossly disfigured by the carelessness of their publishers, Ignatius Moutier, of Florence, is engaged in editing a corrected version, which he has carefully revised with the assistance of an original MS. The eighth volume of this new edition has been recently published, and it is sufficient for us to say of it, that eminent Italian critics have expressed themselves in grateful terms on the care, judgment, and general ability, with which Moutier has hitherto discharged his task.

**A Scientific Harvest.**—Von Humboldt in his report on Hemprich and Ehrenberg's late travels, undertaken at the expense of the Prussian government, through the Libyan Desert, Egypt, Sennar, Dongola, Lebanon, Arabia, &c., bears this honourable testimony to their industry and talent:—"They collected as if collecting alone had been the object of their pursuits; with respect to preparations, preservation, and specific denomination of their subjects, they laboured beyond what any other travellers have laboured under similar circumstances. The specimens, transmitted to the Royal Museum, fill one hundred and fourteen cases, varying from twenty to thirty cubic feet each. The total number of preserved specimens of plants exceeds 46,000, amongst which are 2900 species; of animals there are 34,000 individuals, amongst which there are 135 distinct species of mammalia, 430 kinds of birds, 546 sorts of fish and amphibious animals, 600 species of anelides and crustaceæ, and 2000 kinds of insects. The Royal Cabinet of Minerals has been enriched with 300 specimens of mountain formations. Yet this is but a secondary consequence of their labours."—*Mem. of the Physical Class of the Royal Academy of the Sciences at Berlin.*

**The six Gems in the Belgic Crown.**—I find the six principal towns of Belgium thus depicted by one of our ancient poets:—

"Nobilibus Bruzella viris, Autwerpia summis,  
Gandavum laqueis, formosa Brugæ puellis;  
Loozanum doctis, gaudet Mechtinis stultis." R.

**Organic Defects.**—Professor Rudolphi, in a memoir read before the Berlin Academy of Sciences, remarks, that the intermarriage of parties who labour under defective organs, is not a matter of such little moment as many apprehend. "It fell under our observation," says he, "that here, in Berlin, a deaf person having married a person who could hear, the male offspring of this marriage are all deaf and dumb, whilst the females have their hearing perfect. It has been also communicated from North America, that, in one family, several members for various generations have been struck with blindness at a certain age. Block mentions, that, in the family of a Berliner, a severing of the iris and a central cataract are hereditary; and I am acquainted with a girl, who is one of the youngest of that family, and is afflicted with these evils in both eyes. Indeed, we may observe the absence of the black pigment of the eye in more animals than the white mouse and rabbit."

#### Athenæum Advertisement.

##### NOVELTIES IN LITERATURE AND ARTS.

**Forthcoming.**—Allan Cunningham has nearly completed his Fourth Volume of the "Lives of Eminent British Artists," for Murray's Family Library. It contains eight lives, and as many engravings. Gothic architecture is treated of in the Life of William of Wykeham; the Tudor and Classic architecture in that of Inigo Jones; the Roman in that of Wren, and the Pædic or Vicarage in that of Vanbrugh. The other lives are those of Lord Burlington, Kent, Gibbs, and Chambers. We have seen some of the engravings;—that of Inigo Jones, after Vanduyke, by W. C. Edwards, is truly superb; nor is Wren much inferior;—that of Vanbrugh is excellent, and so is that of Chambers. The volume will be ready by the 1st of November—not Christmas, as some of our northern contemporaries said lately.

The Literary Souvenir for 1831, independently of a Frontispiece after Sir Thomas Lawrence (for the engraving of which 150 guineas are said to have been paid), by J. H. Watt, contains Eleven other Engravings, by E. Finden, C. Rolis, J. C. Edwards, E. Parbury, E. Goodall, J. Mitchell, F. Engleheart, F. Bacon, W. Grentbath, F. Jeavons, W. H. Watt,—from Paintings by G. Jones, R.A., T. Stothard, R.A., Correggio, A. E. Chalon, R.A., W. Buxall, H. C. Shoss, F. Nash, J. P. Davis. The Literary department of the work is, as usual, composed of Contributions from a variety of well-known pens.

Mr. John Timbs, Editor of "Laconia; or, the Best Words of the Best Authors," has in the press, "Knowledge for the People; or, the Plain Why and Because," Part I. Domestic Science, is just ready.

The Second Volume of "The Iris," a Religious and Literary Offering for 1831, edited by the Rev. Thomas Dale, M.A., is announced for publication on the 1st of November next.

"The Gentleman in Black," by one of the Principal Contributors to Blackwood's Magazine. Illustrated by numerous Engravings, from designs by George Cruikshank.

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#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

F. P.—We exceedingly regret that his letter was mislaid. We have not time at this moment to consider the subject.

A. A., G. T. G. and W. received. The latter must explain himself more fully.

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

Days of Week.	Thermom. Max. Min.	Baromet. Noon.	Winds.	Weather.
Th. 20	59 38	29.92	W.	Cloudy.
Fr. 1	63 52	29.92	W. to S.W.	Ditto.
Sat. 2	63 51	29.92	S.W.	Ditto.
Sun. 3	65 50	29.90	N.	Ditto.
Mon. 4	65 50	30.28	N.	Clear.
Tues. 5	69 48	30.25	N.W.	Ditto.
Wed. 6	58 45	30.25	N.W.	Cloudy.

Prevailing Clouds.—Cumulostratus and Cirro-stratus.

Nights and Mornings fair.  
Mean temperature of the week, 51.5°.

## Astronomical Observations.

Mercury stationary on Saturday.  
The Moon and Mars in conjunction on Saturday.  
Moon in perigee on Monday, at 8h. A.M.  
Jupiter's geocentric long. on Wed. 9° 29' in Capricorn.  
Mars — 25° 17' in Pisces.  
Saturn — 11° 43' in Libra.  
Length of day on Wed. 11h. 16m.; decreased, 5h. 18m.  
Sun's hourly motion 2° 27'. Logarithmic number of distance .000155.

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